

"... the depths and shoals of honor."
—King Henry VIII.

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

More Practical Closed Cars

¶ Ingenious improvements give the new Lexington Convertible Sedan advantages that add greatly to closed car convenience and utility.

¶ The side panels, glass and uprights, may be entirely removed, leaving not a single obstruction from front to back.

¶ For sudden summer showers, one-minute storm curtains, quickly attached from the inside, are snugly stored out of sight in a specially designed compartment in the ceiling.

Convertible Sedan

\$1785

Four-passenger Convertible Coupe \$1510

All prices f. o. b. factory, subject to change without notice

Lexington Motor Company, Mfrs.
Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.





POSSESS THE POWER OF ALADDIN

Compared to the power which Thomas A. Edison offers you, Aladdin's was limited; since if you own a New Edison a group of the world's greatest artists is constantly at your service. A mere twist of the wrist and presto! right there in the room peals forth the voice of Rappold, Case, Matzenauer, Middleton, Chalmers, or any other of our Metropolitan stars. It is exactly as though the singer were there in the flesh. No human ear can detect the slightest shade of difference between the living artist's interpretation and that of

The NEW EDISON "The Phonograph with a Soul"

It is one thing to make so strong a claim; it is another to prove it. We have proved it, not once but over fifteen hundred times. More than two million people have witnessed our famous tone tests.

Picture a concert hall filled with critical music lovers. One of our Metropolitan stars, Marie Rappold, for example, begins to sing. Her brilliant soprano voice soars through the building. Now watch the audience. Note that sudden stir. Each face depicts wonderment—astonishment—bewilderment. What miracle is this! The singer's lips have ceased to move. And yet the beautiful aria continues. Surely Rappold is still singing. She *must* be. Every lingering overtone, every subtle shade of color is there. But her lips are motionless. It is incredible.

The explanation is simple. The New Edison which stands beside her is playing one of Rappold's records. Madam Rappold

begins to sing with the record. When she stops, the record continues. And so complete and perfect is the Re-Creation that the listeners refuse to credit the evidence of their senses. Such is the Edison tone test.

With the lights lowered to hide the singer's lips, not one of the two million or more who have attended these recitals could detect when the artist ceased and the instrument sang alone.

Thirty great artists have figured in these tests. Invariably the result was the same. Over a thousand unprejudiced newspaper critics have united in this assertion.

Call at the nearest licensed Edison merchant's and receive a demonstration. He advertises in your local paper. Perhaps, too, you'd like to see our literature. A postcard brings our musical magazine, "Along Broadway," the brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Orange, N. J.

Note the accompanying photographs. They picture eminent Edison stars proving by actual comparison that no difference can be detected between the voice of the living artist and that of the instrument.

Anna Case
of the Metropolitan Opera

Margaret Matzenauer
of the Metropolitan Opera

Marie Rappold
of the Metropolitan Opera

Thomas Chalmers
of the Metropolitan Opera

Marie Sundehus
of the Metropolitan Opera

Alice Verlet
late of Paris Opera

Giovanni Zenatello
late of Boston Grand Opera

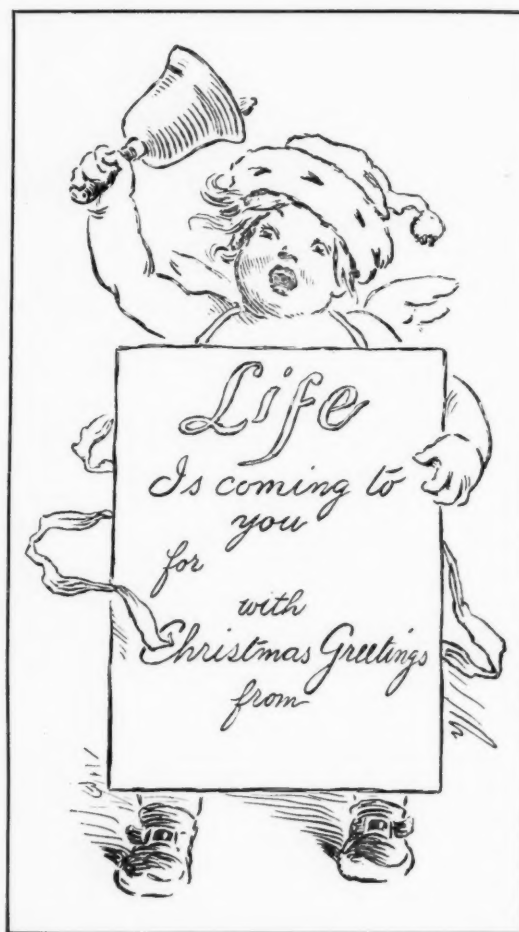
Arthur Middleton
late of Metropolitan Opera

Why Not?

AT this particular period in the history of the world, and at this particular season of the year, all conscientious Americans are carefully considering how they can best spend their money. Many Americans have never had so much money before. Many have never had so little. But on the whole, while war shifts money into different channels, the main course of business is in greater volume than ever. We must take care of the war demands, we must feed and clothe ourselves, we must look after our local charities, and we must read *Life*. And to read *Life* as it ought to be read, it must be delivered into your own home every week during the coming fifty-two. To do this you should become a regular subscriber. But still more: you should send *Life* to others as a Christmas gift, and those others include: First, one or more of our boys at the front, Second, some friend or friends. Say, for example, that there are ten million people in this country who do this, averaging, besides their own subscriptions, three others. *Life's* circulation during the next few weeks would then be increased by four million copies a week. To be honest, we

do not expect this. We are conservative. If a million people, say, are added to our subscription list during the next week or so, by

start towards the coming year. Of course, the more who subscribe, the better *Life* will be---assuming that such a thing is possible. Now it is quite usual with publishers to announce their program for the coming year, and to inform their prospective readers what store of good things may be expected; to brandish well known names, and in short, to lure the coy reader by alluring phrases. We cannot do this, because, to be frank, we have no program. That is the beauty of this alluring paper. The paper continually surprises. We expect, in a general way, to get out a lot of special numbers. Mr. Gibson will draw exclusively for *Life* his wonderful war cartoons---if war continues. Mr. Martin will write the editorials. Others, too modest to name, will be inspired to do their best. But what we propose to do, more than we have ever done before, perhaps, is to draw on the whole country. And we hereby invite every American who has any talent, or possibly genius, to send us his best. For the best that any American can do is none too



means of this eloquent advertisement, we shall be fairly well satisfied. At least it will be a good

good for the American people at their best---and they are at their best when they obey their impulse.

Subscription Rates

SPECIAL OFFER

Three Months, \$1;

Canadian, \$1.13;

Foreign, \$1.26.

(New names only, no renewals at this rate.)

Yearly, \$5;

Canadian, \$5.52;

Foreign, \$6.04.

Single copies Ten Cents.

To LIFE, 17 West Thirty-first Street, New York.

Enclosed find dollars, for which please send LIFE during the coming year, beginning with issue dated to the list whose names and addresses accompany this letter.

Name

Address

"Cape"

—a name derived from the Cape of Good Hope—designates a glove-skin used whole and dressed right-side-out, or "glace". If it's a Fownes Cape it designates the genuine Cape skin from Africa, making the smartest, strongest, best fitting gloves procurable. Washable, too.

"Standard equipment" for officers and civilians:—

it's a
FOWNES

that's all you need
to know about a GLOVE.

*Dogs and Men

Referring to a suggestion in the New York Tribune that we kill all the dogs to increase food conservation, Mr. E. B. Peters asks, in that paper:

Why not kill all the men? They eat far more than the dogs, and if all the men were killed there would be:

- No more kings.
- No more wars.
- No burglars.
- No murderers.
- No unhappy marriages, etc.

Of course there are some good men; also there are some good dogs, also some useful dogs. Dogs are, at present, saving lives (at the risk of their own) on the battlefield.

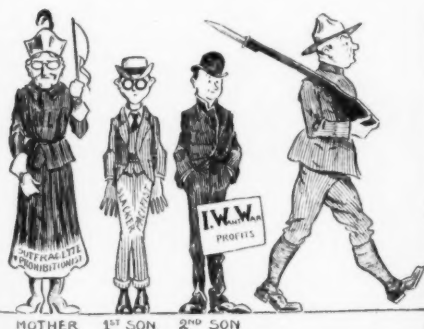
Dogs are guarding property while their owners sleep, or attend elsewhere to their duties.

Dogs are guarding women and children (guarding them from other brutes, often human) while the men are at the front.

Dogs take the place of draft animals in many countries (and increasingly at present).

The Esquimaux dogs do all the draft work.

There are regions where I have seen



MOTHER 1ST SON 2ND SON
WHY FATHER JOINED THE ARMY

them sent a mile or two, with heavy baskets, to do the marketing.

They are most necessary as herders of sheep.

Regarding the current superstition about "rabies" (a superstition which caused a man recently to throw a dog out of the window of a moving train), the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will tell Mr. Grenshaw that out of fifty thousand bites inflicted, in many cases by dogs with "virulent rabies," they have no record

among their bitten employees of one instance in which the bitee was in the smallest degree inconvenienced. "The man recovered of the bite; the dog it was that died." (Another reason why the men should be killed.)

WHAT is the road to happiness? Sages and philosophers have sought the answer to this world mystery for centuries. The road has at last been found, and is described on page 992.

The CURE at VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

2500 Ft. Elevation

Open All the Year

The celebrated *baths*—water naturally heated at 106°—offer to sufferers from rheumatism, gout and nervous diseases all the benefits of such European resorts as Carlsbad, Vichy, Aix-le-Bain, Harrogate and others, now inaccessible on account of the war.

The famous *spout bath*
Complete hydro-therapeutic apparatus
Swedish gymnastics and massage
The Hot Air Treatment

are all at the service of visitors in a modern Bath House directly connected with

The New Homestead Hotel

No pains are spared in making THE HOMESTEAD an *ideal* winter resort. The *same standard* of excellence in the table and service is maintained throughout the year. A variety of *outdoor sports*, the location of the hotel and the climatic conditions make it a unique spot for the Cure, Rest and Recreation.

Write for The Homestead Book with complete description.

Christian S. Andersen, Resident Manager
Hot Springs, Va.

Booking Offices: Ritz-Carlton Hotels
New York, Philadelphia



Send Candy To Your Soldier

*but be sure it is fresh when
he gets it*

Express and parcel post are likely to cause damage and delay. Your gift can be delivered in perfect condition, and promptly, through

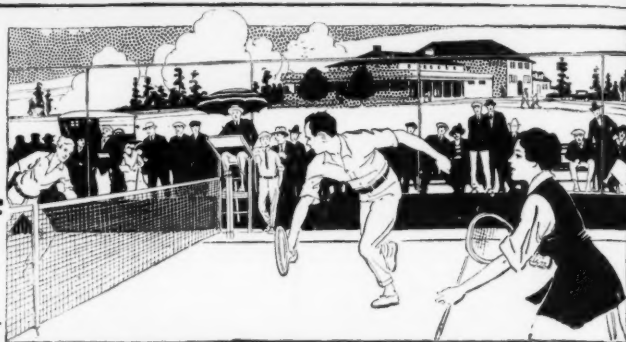
Huyler's

Army Delivery Service

There is a Huyler representative at practically every Army Training Camp.

Any Huyler store and almost any Huyler agency, anywhere in the country, will take your order, and the candy will be delivered to your soldier at the camp almost immediately.

*Ask about this service at any Huyler
store or agency.*



*On Fine Clay Champion Tennis Courts Some of
the Best Championships Have Been Decided at*

Pinehurst

NORTH CAROLINA.

Excellent place to spend the Winter months

The CAROLINA—Now Open

3 Other Splendid Hotels

Golf, three 18 holes course and one of 9 holes, Trap Shooting, HORSE RACING, splendid place to winter your horses, best stables in the South, fine track, Rifle Range, Motoring, good roads in every direction.

No consumptives received.

An excellent school for boys near Pinehurst.

Pinehurst Office
PINEHURST, N. C.

Booklet on Request

Leonard Tufts
BOSTON, MASS



*Nightly man views a million worlds, but when shall he
traverse the trackless intervening void?*

The treasures of the moon and the little people of Mars draw closer to the earth in

DROWSY

by **JOHN AMES MITCHELL.** A story of adventure that bursts all bounds, and love that overcomes space. By the editor of *LIFE*, the author of "Amos Judd" and "The Pines of Lory." •

On sale at all Bookshops.

Net \$1.50

STOKES, Publisher.



*Female Voice (from inside of cabin): WHEN YOU'RE
THROUGH SMOKING THAT AWFUL OLD PIPE, WILLIAM, YOU
CAN COME IN!*

LIFE



"WHY DID YOU SHOOT THAT BIRD, SENTRY?"
 "WELL, SIR, I CHALLENGED HIM THREE TIMES, AN' HE REFUSED TO ANSWER."

Treason

It would be well, in these days of much misunderstanding, if somebody would define Treason, and tell us what it really is.—*Daily paper.*

WELL, Treason, as I see the same,
 Is some internal act of shame
 That comfort gives to any foe
 Who'd lay our Uncle Sammy low.

A deed that stays the Nation's arm
 To shield our soldier-boys from harm,
 And makes their footing insecure—
 That's Treason, simple, plain and pure.

A word that's spoke with the intent
 To harass or to swerve our bent
 From winning Peace that comes to stay—
 That's Treason, view it how we may.
 A sneer, a jeer, a jibe, a joke,
 At the expense of fighting folk
 To chill their ardor for the fight—
 That's Treason, seen in any light.

A plan intended to impede
 The country's course in time of need,
 And paralyze its plan of war—
 That's Treason, Treason to the core.
 Conspiracy against the hand
 To which the People give command
 Is not the only policy
 That marks the road of Treachery.

'Tis not the gold the Traitor takes
 That in itself the Treason makes;
 A bit of bargain and of sale
 Marks not alone the Treason's trail—
 'Tis the Intent, the Wish that lies
 Beyond the reach of human eyes
 Deep in the Traitor's heart and mind
 That proves his Treason to his kind.

John Kendrick Banga.



SOUL FLIGHTS

"Have you bombed those Allied hospitals?"

"Yah, Majesty."

"Spread the smallpox germs?"

"Yah, Majesty."

"Mutilated all the Armenian women?"

"Yah, Majesty."

"Poisoned the wells?"

"Yah, Majesty."

"Well, you may go. I want a few silent moments with God."

Homes May Be Happier Soon

MRS. BEARD, who led a band of women to Washington, on November 12th, to scold the President because the picketers were in jail, seems to be a formidable person. At the preliminary meeting in New York, news having come that the President was going to Buffalo, Mrs. Beard said:

President Wilson knows we are coming to Washington, and he very quickly sends back word he will be in Buffalo when we get there. We promise President Wilson a very uncomfortable day just the same. He didn't think we would get New York; that was why he was so keen about it. But just the same we will go to Washington; we will visit Secretary of War Baker. And as for President Wilson, we can send word to the White House that we no longer care to talk to President Wilson about the suffrage amendment, and that we can take care of him and his party politically.

Mrs. Beard's suggestion that the President surreptitiously lit out of Washington to escape her is quite interesting. So, in general, is the emphasis of her remarks, which makes one wonder if Professor Beard is entirely unacquainted with grief.

It may be quite useful to have the platform talk of women politicians reported at times in the papers. Anyhow, it is entertaining. They introduce into public discussion the candor of the domestic circle and disclose unconsciously what husbands have had to take.

There may be better times coming for husbands. While wives diffuse their superfluous ginger in politics, homes will be more comfortable.

Fêteless

BROWN: Have you got anything to do this evening, Mr. Hoover?

"Nothing special."

"Come and starve with us."

TOO bad Dr. Haselden, of Chicago, wasn't on the job when the Kaiser was born.



Toast Master Hearst: WE HAVE WITH US TO-NIGHT

Nourish or Pasteurize?

MILK in a natural state is good for human beings. This has been proven by actual experience. But in order to get it transported into the city and still kept in a saleable condition, it has become necessary to have it treated in such a manner that it will still appear to be wholesome. Therefore not only milk, but especially cream, is either Pasteurized or sterilized in some other way; and in order to make it appear that this process is necessary, we have been told that, without this sterilizing process, the milk, instead of being good for us, may actually communicate disease.

Something had to be done, of course, to reconcile the people who demanded milk and cream to the fact that there was no economic way to get them to them except by robbing them of their nourishing qualities. For there seems

to be no doubt that sterilized milk does not begin to have the nourishment as raw or unsterilized milk.

And so they invented this process.

And because milk and cream will not keep unless they are doctored, and because they cannot ship them in from the farms in time to prevent them from spoiling unless they are doctored, then they play upon otherwise intelligent people this obvious trick.

For even presumably intelligent people will sometimes believe anything that is told them. Especially if you can scare them into believing it.

There are many tales, and true ones, of babies fading away under Pasteurized milk and regaining health when given the natural article.

American Exhibits

YESTERDAY

SEE the German spy.

What is he doing?

Oh, he is just doing what he pleases.

And where is he?

Everywhere. You must remember that this is a free country.

Will the German spy ever get locked up?

Oh, certainly. After he has done what he set out to do.

And what will happen to him then?

Will he have a nice time?

Certainly he will have a nice time. That is our particular pleasure—to make things pleasant for German spies.

He will be well fed, I presume.

Indeed, yes; on the fat of the land.

But, of course, there are not very many of him.

Dear me, no—only just a few; not more than one or two in every city block.

But do we always do things this way—that is, so far as wars are concerned?

Always, at first. It takes us some time to get going, and then—

What happens then?

Well, you can't always tell. But the chances are that, at the end of that time, spies will be taken out and shot.

Good! But about how long will we have to wait until that happens?

Not very long. We are already beginning to wake up.

TO-DAY

Why, so we are. Who would have thought it?

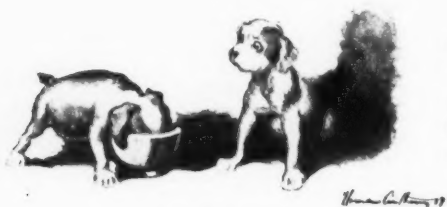
No. You can't tell what may happen. Now that we're getting the spies, maybe—

Well, what?

Maybe we shall then begin on the Pacifists. Who knows?



Modern Mother: MABEL, HOLD YOUR CIGARETTE STRAIGHT. THAT ISN'T A LADY-LIKE WAY TO SMOKE



FOOD CONTROL

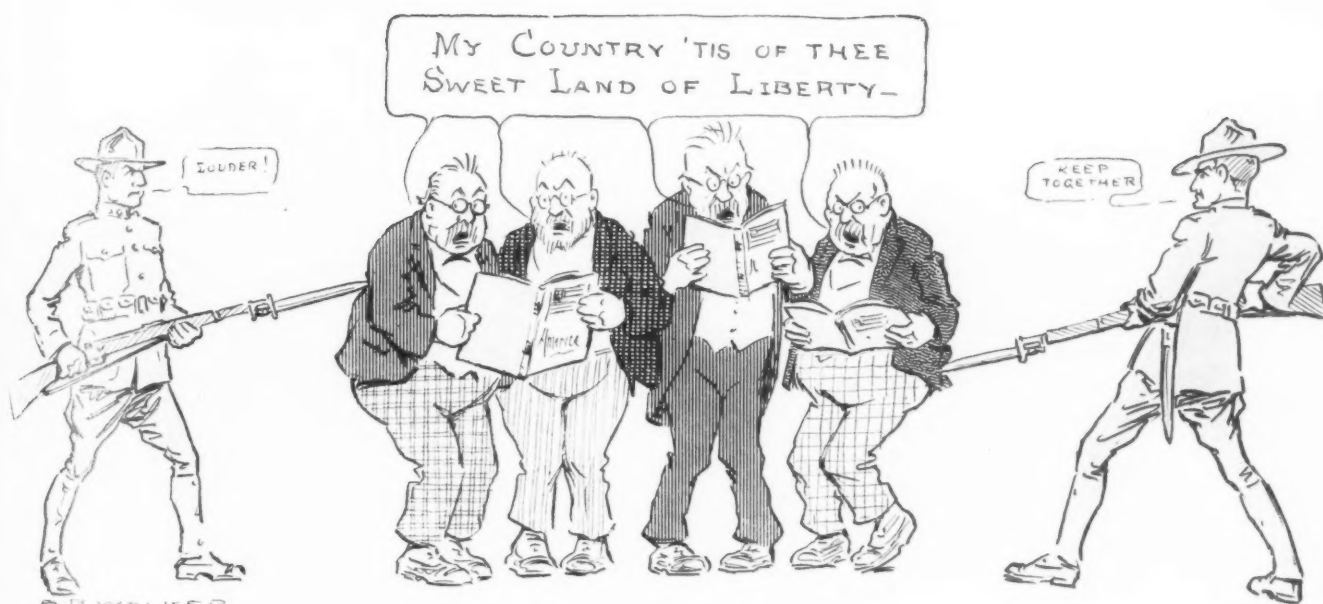
Immoderately Moderate

THERE can be such a thing as immoderate moderation, as illustrated by Norman Hapgood in a letter from Paris to the *Evening Post*, when he said, speaking of the Germans:

It may be said, and said with some justice, that there has been much brutality in their treatment of wom-

en in the occupied districts, and that they by no means encourage the ideal toward which the best American opinion is working; the ideal of fundamental chivalry and consideration.

So we see how to praise with faint damnation. Norman must be looking forward to a visit to Berlin.



"CLOSE HARMONY"

There's a reason for a great deal of loyalty to America among German-Americans which is not understood in the Fatherland

The A B C of Kultur



J stands for Junker. My! He looks Fine! See! He is singing "Die Wacht" on the Rhine. You could bet on the Rhine he would much rather be Than helping the Kaiser to get to Paree.



K stands for Kultur—it keeps the Beer Cold. It cures all Disease and Prevents Growing Old. It Polishes Silverware, kills any Corn, And Babies all cry for it when they are born.



Σ stands for Loot—the Warrior's Prize, That Quickens his foot-steps and Brightens his Eyes. In each little village that's burned to the Ground There's Booze and Havanas enough to go round.



AT THE BETRAYERS' CLUB

"ALLOW ME, TARPEIA, JUDAS AND GENERAL BENEDICT ARNOLD, TO PRESENT
A NEW MEMBER, SENATOR LITTLEFOOL OF WISCONSIN"



AFTER THE WAR

"AND WHERE USED GERMANY TO BE, TEACHER?"

The Slackers' Song

THERE'S a general in the army,
There's an admiral on the sea,
There's a soldier in the trenches—
What's the need of you and me?

There's a burning church in Russia,
There's a priest in the *débris*,
There's a baby dead in Belgium—
What's the need of you and me?

There's a murdered girl in Flanders
That I wouldn't care to see;
There's a mother mad in London—
What's the need of you and me?

There's a God somewhere in heaven,
There's a Kaiser living free;
It will take the world to beat him—
What's the need of you and me?

The "Triple Entente"

Munitions.
Money.
Men.

La Follette Sues

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE has
sued for \$100,000 a Madison, Wis-
consin, paper which he accuses of vari-
ous utterances intended to show that
he was giving aid and comfort to the
enemy.

If the enemy does not admit that he
has received aid and comfort from La
Follette, he will show a mean, ungrate-
ful spirit.

If La Follette can get any money
out of the Madison paper for showing
him up, there is no reason why he
should work for a living any more.
About nine-tenths of the papers in the
United States have been hospitable to
the opinion that he has been a comfort
to the Germans. and if he can make
them pay for it, he can retire on a
fortune.

Repudiated

"HERE, you," shouted the com-
mander of the German air
squadron to one of his raiders, "give
back that Iron Cross at once. We've
just learned that it was a London bar-
racks you bombed and not a children's
hospital."

Hopeless Heroes

OPINIONS vary as to when the war will end, and, when it does end, just what the terms of peace will be; but nobody has thus far ventured to predict whether the Kaiser's six sons will hold out until it is over.

Ever since 1914 these intrepid heroes have braved the intense rigors attendant upon looting castles and carrying off the spoils, and, under the guide of a miraculous Providence, have escaped the chances of being ruthlessly killed by some enraged civilian whose daughters have been

sacrificed by the stern necessity of the German military system.

Almost every other family in Germany has lost one or more of its sons; but the crown prince and his brothers, far behind the lines, still struggle on, intact, tempting Fate day after day.

It is getting to be pretty tough on these young men, to fatten and to live so long and so persistently. A few simple wounds would help. But even that consolation seems to be denied to them.



THE NEWCOMER

Little Tests of a Traitor

HE is loud in his protestations of patriotism, always adding, "But—"

He is not moved by all the Prussian atrocities, but is profoundly stirred by fear for the rights of the poor, conscientious objector.

If the government seems likely to take another forward step in the war, he gets up a new peace society.

He reads the war bulletins from Berlin first and stops there.

He celebrates with zest the quadricentennial of Luther, but forgets the anniversary of the Lusitania.

He is proud of the heroic independence of La Follette.

He remembers the wrongs of Ireland, the Boers, the Congo, and America in 1775, but he forgets Belgium, Poland, Serbia and Armenia.

And he reminds us that "history shows" that England began the war.

Censor the Picketers!

WHY should not the censor bestow some of his beneficent attention on the Washington picketers! These women who have besieged the White House and crowded the District jail are dangerous fanatics, defying law and overriding order for ends not at all necessary to the success of their professed purpose. Their wish is to picket the White House so that the President can neither come nor go except under their supervision. A good many of them are close to the line where reason fails to control action, and some of them have probably passed it. That the President should be daily exposed to the danger of being shot by one of these persons is a very grave matter. The District police has tried to guard him from this risk. The District jail is crowded with women who complain of unpalatable food, bad accommodations and uncivil treatment, but they are all well-to-do women, and can all walk out of that jail any day they please by paying, each of them,

what remains due of a fine of twenty-five dollars. They can raise more hob by staying in jail, so they stay in jail.

* * * *

A GOOD many of these women are pupils of Mrs. Pankhurst. Alice Paul, who at this writing is doing a hunger strike in the jail, is the person whom Mrs. Blatch denounced last year for having sent out Inez Milholland on the exhausting electioneering journey, the fatigues of which killed her. Another woman, whose picture in prison clothes appears in the *Herald* of November 12th, is the same who declared three years ago, as recorded in the *Evening Post* at that time, against helping the Belgians. "Let them die," she said. "The war will be over so much the sooner, and we Suffragists have neither time nor money to spend for them."

* * * *

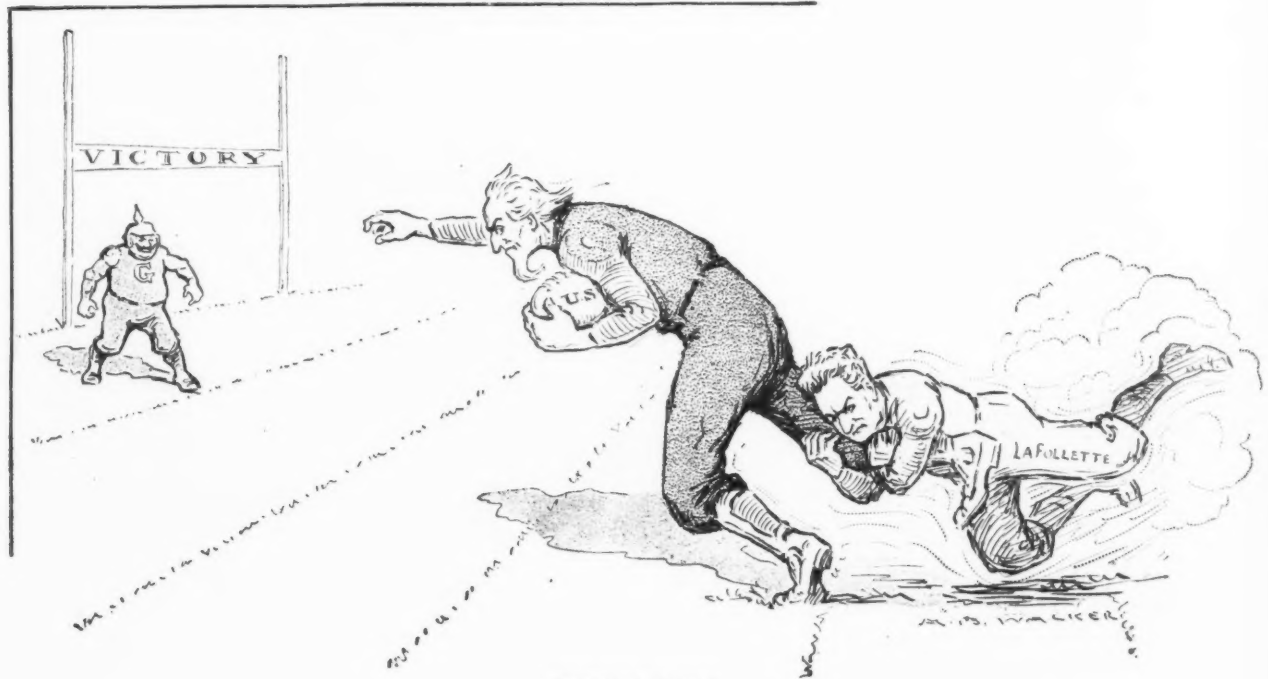
THESE women are without compassion and without scruple. They are enemies of their country. Their con-

trolling desire is to force their will upon other people. It is the same desire that has actuated the Prussian war-lords and brought on the war. Our government is fighting the Prussian war-lords, and one thing it does is to shut out of all our newspapers all information that would be valuable to the enemy and dangerous to us.

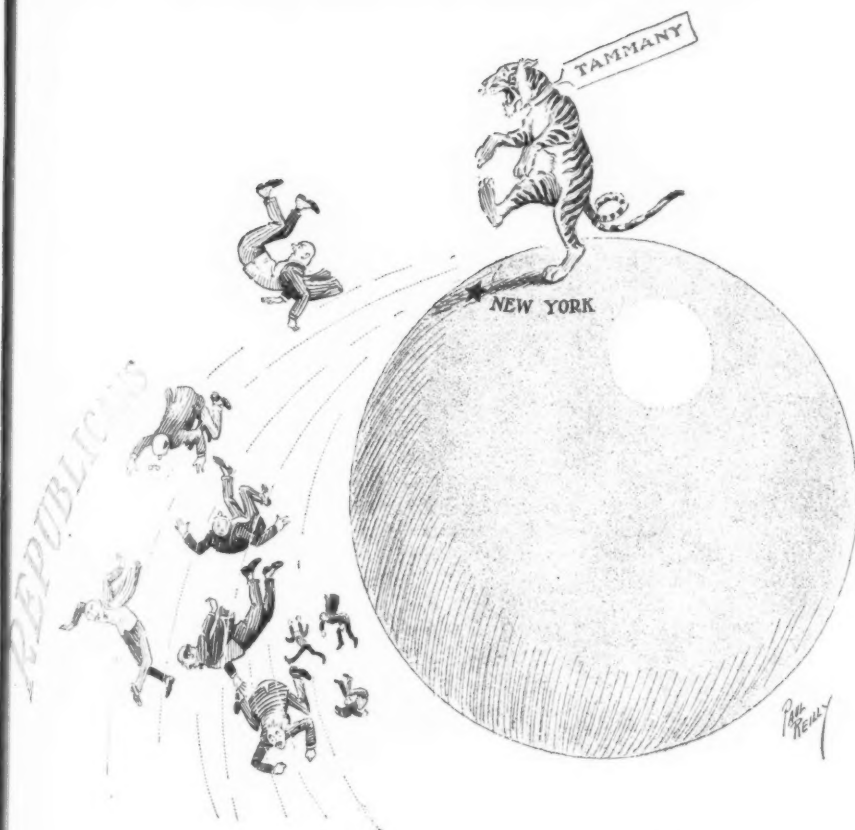
Since our government is also fighting these fanatical women in Washington, could not the same precaution be used to advantage with them? We have a censor and the machinery for keeping out of the newspapers what it is not expedient to print. Why not shut out all report of the doings of these reprobate women, of their activities in jail and all that concerns them?

* * * *

THIS is war-time. They are interfering with our war efforts. They are clearly and persistently endangering a war asset on which the country and the Allied countries place an enormous value—the life of President Wilson.



THE FOUL-TACKLE



MAKING NEW YORK SAFE FOR "DEMOCRACY"

They should be absolutely and permanently suppressed, so that nothing more shall be heard of them until the war is over. If we are to have government by tantrums it must not be till after the war. If a lot of malefactor vixens are to get legislation by mob methods, let us put it off at least until we have settled accounts with Germany and are ready to give a new enemy due attention.

E. S. M.

The War and Matrimony

Reasons Why Girls Marry Soldiers

BECAUSE he is an officer.

Because he is a private.

Because he was drafted.

Because he enlisted.

Because he is in the infantry.

Because he is in the cavalry.

Because she is sure he will not come back.

A Cold Proposition

IF we would win against the Hun,
Against the beast creation dreads,
We must have always, every one,
Cool heads.

If we would see ideals live,
Avert the universal crash,
We must in boundless measure give
Cold cash.

And lastly, would we see him fall,
Within his vitals he must feel
That thing that he fears the worst of
all,
Cold steel.

McLandburgh Wilson.

Expert

EMPLOYER: The position requires
a great amount of mechanical ex-
perience.

APPLICANT: I have owned a sec-
ond-hand automobile for two months.

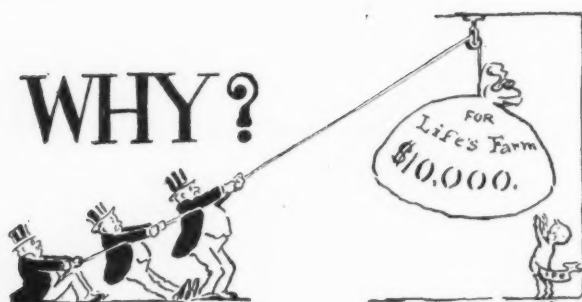
EMPLOYER: Accepted!

"DON'T you think college is wear-
ing on him?"

"Possibly. You can't learn how to
be a drunkard and a gambler without
working up to it."



TO INSURE BREVITY OF SPEECH AT BANQUETS, INVITE A FEW BASEBALL FANS



WHY are the children of LIFE's Fresh Air Fund deprived of the more than ten thousand dollars to which they are entitled under the will of the late Edwin H. Gilbert of Redding, Connecticut?

This is not an idle question, although LIFE has propounded it several times without receiving a reply. The facts are these:

In Mr. Gilbert's will three hundred shares of the stock of the Gilbert Manufacturing Company were bequeathed with these instructions: "The income and dividends thereof to be used for the maintenance of the work at LIFE's Farm." The reference is to the Fresh Air Farm at Branchville, in whose work Mr. Gilbert was deeply interested in his lifetime.

The "income and dividends," accruing since December, 1910, now amount to considerably more than ten thousand dollars. The stock and this money, as a dead man's trust, have passed into the hands of

DAVID H. MILLER of Georgetown, Connecticut;

DANIEL DAVENPORT of Bridgeport, Connecticut;

DR. R. W. LOWE of Ridgefield, Connecticut,

and certain relatives and employees of Mr. Miller.

LIFE's Fresh Air Fund has frequently asked that the accrued income be turned over to be used for improvements at the Farm, sadly needed for the happiness, comfort and safety of the children. The request has been in vain, and cannot be enforced under the Connecticut law.

LIFE regrets being obliged to ask so often why Mr. Gilbert's wishes have not been carried out. It hopes that possibly the repetition might cause "the wee, small voice of conscience" to make reply.

At all events, it hopes that at Thanksgiving the gentlemen named above gave thanks for Mr. Gilbert's generosity, even if the Fresh Air children had no reason to do so.

Christmas is coming. Perhaps the Christmas spirit of kindness for children may get as far as those trustees.

The College of 1917

FRIEND: How's your football team coming on?

COACH: Pretty fair. Of course, we got hit by the draft, but we'll have a line averaging fifty-eight years, and our back field will be composed of four of the friskiest great-grandfathers that you ever saw.

Minutes of a Bolshevik Meeting

Held on the Nevski Prospekt, Petrograd, Some Time in November, 1917

A platoon of Russian soldiers, advancing across a shell-swept battlefield, suddenly halted and gathered in a clump. We saw hands going up. "Have they surrendered?" I asked the Russian officer with me. "Oh, no," he replied. "They are Bolsheviks, and are voting as to whether they should advance or retreat. They vote on everything."

—Recent despatch from the Eastern front.

THE assemblage was called to order at 3:15 P. M. with Feodor Trolleyoff on the soap box and sixty-four present. A vote was taken to see whether a meeting should be held. The vote stood thirty-five for and twenty-nine against. The twenty-nine seceded for the purpose of holding a meeting of their own.

A vote was then taken to see whether the meeting should listen to an address by Feodor Trolleyoff or Bogus Gretzky. The vote stood twenty for Trolleyoff and fifteen for Gretzky. The fifteen at once withdrew from the meeting.

Feodor Trolleyoff made a long speech advocating the pooling of the resources of the nation, and the investing of said resources in such a way that every member of the Bolsheviks might have a weekly income of twelve dollars and fifty cents without doing any work. A vote was taken on whether it would be better to invest in bonds of the United States Steel Corporation or substantial copper stocks which would yield between forty and fifty per cent. at present prices. The vote stood twelve for the copper stocks and eight for steel bonds. The defeated voters promptly deserted the meeting, and left for parts unknown.

A general discussion was held as to whether it would be advisable for all Bolsheviks to take an oath to wear red flannel shirts with frock coats, or whether it would be better for them to wear conventional clothes, but never cut their hair. The question was put to a vote. Seven voted for red flannel shirts and frock coats, and the five defeated voters protested by marching away to the tune of the popular Bolshevik song, "Down with Everyone but Us."

A resolution was proposed by Ivan Popoff to the effect that all automobile owners should be thrown into jail by the Bolshevik government. When voted on, however, the proposition was defeated, four votes to three.

One of those present moved that the meeting adjourn. The motion was opposed by Feodor Trolleyoff, who wished to be appointed a committee of one to go to Siberia and insult the ex-Czar, and also to have all his expenses paid. The matter was put to a vote, and the vote stood two for adjournment and two against adjournment. A heated argument ensued, followed by a fight, in which cobblestones and pieces of lead pipe were freely used. The meeting was automatically adjourned *sine die* when an ambulance appeared and conveyed all four disputants to the hospital for treatment.

Kenneth L. Roberts.



"HAVE YOU GOT A MATCH?"



DECEMBER 13, 1917

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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UNDOUBTEDLY the Marquis of Lansdowne has started something. His letter of November 29th has made a good many people think, and when folks are extremely busy fighting, thought, except about fighting, is irksome to them, so his Lordship's interruption is unpopular.

All the same, it is not a bad thing to discuss peace and peace aims a little now and then. The way to do it is for someone to say: "Now, a reasonable peace would be very nice," and then for all the by-standers to fall on him and beat him to a pulp. It is necessary for the by-standers to exhibit this form of energy in order to disabuse the mind of the enemy of the notion that they are more tired of fighting than he is.

Lord Lansdowne must have been aware, when he gave out his letter, that the by-standers would object to it. When our Mr. Wilson last winter suggested that all the belligerents should disclose what they were fighting for, it was regarded by our present Allies as a troublesome and not very friendly act, and he was heartily scolded for it. Nevertheless, the Allies concluded to say what they wanted, and since Germany declined to make any definite statement, it was felt presently that the Allies had profited very much by the opportunity which had been thrust upon them, and Mr. Wilson immediately became popular again in London and Paris.

The first effect of an important letter which considers peace is not to be

trusted. The worst that Lord Lansdowne did was to suggest an effort to make peace look practicable and attractive to the war-weary mass of the Germans. He moved for a restatement of the Allies' aims, that should let the German peace party know that the Allies did not desire the annihilation of Germany, nor to impose on her people any form of government other than that of their choice, nor to deny her a place among the great commercial communities; but that they should be ready after the war to reexamine international problems connected with the freedom of the seas, and to enter into an international pact for the peaceful settlement of international disputes.



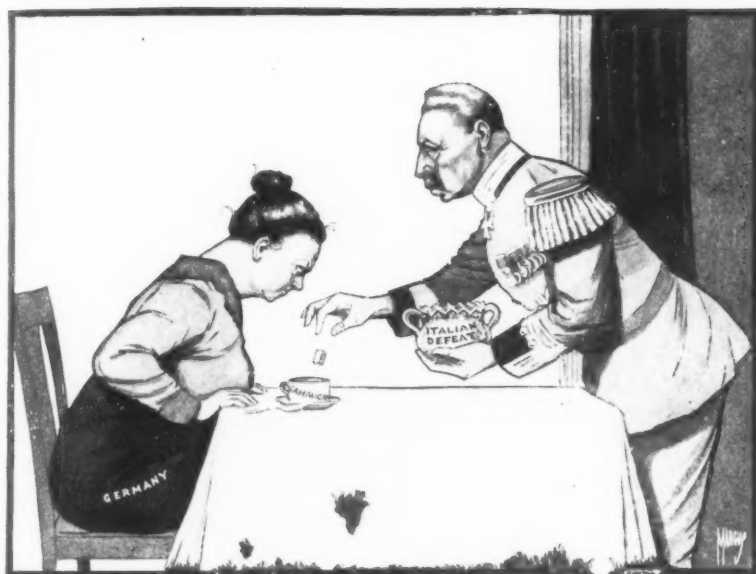
THOSE are not bad proposals, nor even novel. Neither does Lord Lansdowne do violence to general opinion when he suggests that if the war goes on very much longer the nations will be too much exhausted to profit by the blessings of peace. He represents no government. His letter, like one that President Eliot put out some months ago, is the expression of the sentiments of a respected and influential private citizen, who has approved the war against Germany and heartily supported it. It will not check Allied efforts to win the war in the least. If it helps to develop the peace-appetite in Germany, that will be a useful service, and it may do that as it stands

and without any official action being taken on it.

It has made so much noise that Mr. Wilson's remarks at the opening of Congress, which are imminent as this LIFE goes to press, may include observations that have a bearing on it. The fighting soldiers of the United States are the last untried asset of the Allies. Germany will undoubtedly prefer to make peace before they become active on the war front. Conceivably a respectable Tory politician like Lord Lansdowne, has the same preference. The war has already knocked his world pretty well into a cocked hat, and too much democracy in the wind-up may seem to him almost as objectionable as too much Germany. Nevertheless, as democracy goes, and threatens, in the world just now, American democracy is the most conservative and orderly form of it that is exhibited, and probably Lord Lansdowne is as well aware of that as anyone. Anyone who can hasten peace and the security of the world without sacrifice of necessities is well employed, and that seems to be what his Lordship is trying to do.



AND it is a fact, though he does not say so, that the collapse of Imperial Russia makes a restatement of the Allies' intentions rather more timely than might otherwise be. The publication of secret treaties out of the Russian archives by the Bolshevik government leads up to it. When Imperial Russia foundered, all its dickers about terms and territorial acquisitions after the war went to grass, and by so much simplified the prospective geographical readjustment. The nations now are not fighting about boundaries. So far as territorial acquisitions go Germany is beaten. The dream which possessed her when she got into the war is utterly shattered. *Deutschland über alles* will never be, and Germans know it. What they are fighting for now is national life. The great obstacle to peace with them now is the moral obstacle; the belief, as Mr. Wil-



SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT

"THAT LUMP OF SUGAR HAS GOT TO LAST UNTIL THE WAR IS OVER—SO MAKE THE MOST OF IT"

son said in his letter to the Pope, "that the intolerable wrongs done in this war by the furious and brutal power of the Imperial German government ought to be repaired." Resentment, horror and loathing for what Mr. Gerard describes as "the most brutal and bestial" of modern people keeps up the war. If that could be got over, peace could be arranged, and when destruction and exhaustion have reached a certain point it will have to be got over. Whenever peace is finally arranged it will be on terms fair to Germany, but there never will be terms with a monster mad with an obsession for world mastery.

The suggestion is familiar that if Germany succeeds in bringing the war to a premature end, she will set to at once to put herself in condition to play all over again the game of *Deutschland über alles*, and play it better. That is a good argument for bitter-enders, but it is not a self-evident truth. One can easier believe nowadays that the *über alles* game has lost popularity with most Germans, and that "live and let live" looks very much more attractive to them than it did in August, 1914. Nose-ringed and gang-driven, as the mass of

Germans have shown themselves to be, it is hard not to believe that the first use the survivors of them make of peace will be to secure it as far as they may, that nobody shall again get them into a war with four-fifths of the rest of mankind.



LORD LANSDOWNE, it would seem, desires to facilitate their progress towards this opportunity. So do General Haig and General Byng and General Petain and General Pershing and all the other generals, admirals and other fighting men of the Allies, and their backers and assistants. The war news is better than it was. Italy is back in the war with both feet; Byng's great drive has worried Fritz much more than common. Pershing's message, sent by Bishop Wilson, rings true. "Tell them," he said, "that there is no ground for the heresy that Germany cannot be beaten. Germany can be beaten; Germany must be beaten; Germany will be beaten."

That is true. Even Lord Lansdowne

admits that the Allies can win. "If we do not waste time," says Lloyd George, "and are resolved to win the war, we shall do so." There are even those who think the Bolsheviks are not going to be so easily profitable to the Kaiser's government as appears, and that in the negotiations now proceeding their chiefs will make embarrassing demands which even in the urgency of German need will seem impossible. Any nation that is reduced to the necessity of treating with Trotsky and Lenine is obviously in embarrassed circumstances. No one needs any longer to be even normally shrewd to know that German promises go for nothing, and probably Lenine and Trotsky know it. It is possible that they may illustrate "set a thief to catch a thief" in a way that will be to the advantage of honest people. They have considerably scandalized the old school in world politics by publishing the secret treaties they found in the late Czar's strong box, and possibly they falsified them. But that publication will hardly do harm, and may do good, and since they are quite irresponsible there is little sense in complaining of it.

As for us, we are doing what we can, and doing it on a large scale, and with considerable energy. Now that Congress is at work again there will be more discussion of the particulars of our activity, and doubtless increased advertisement of what has been done wrong. Of that there is plenty, of course, but the vast work of helping to win the war drives steadily ahead in this great base, and every week adds its thousands to our fighting forces in France.

So far as we know, our delegates to the Allies' War Council have done their work well, and with results satisfactory to themselves and their colleagues. They have looked cheerful and satisfied to the newspapermen who have inspected them. Colonel House, in his brief remarks at the close of the conference, said that there had been coordination and a unity of purpose among the conferees which promise great results for the future. He was convinced that by unity and concentrated effort the Allies would get to their goal. That is all we have been told as yet, but that will do.



LIE





Of Making Plays There Is no End



"THE KING" is not likely to attract large audiences of Socialists. Socialists are made the butt of a good deal of its fun, both in lines and depiction. Also, being one of the riskiest of French farces, both in talk and incident, it is not likely to attract persons who are at all careful concerning the propriety of the plays they patronize. As few Socialists ever go to the English-speaking theatre, and purists are a negligible quantity in the playgoing public, "The King," being very well acted and very funny, is apt to enjoy a prosperous career without the support of these two elements in the community.

Mr. Ditrichstein has fitted himself well with the rôle of a Moldavian king in Paris on a lark, and Mr. Robert McWade realizes admirably the Socialist whose creed is "What's yours is ours and what's mine is my own." Mr. Fritz Williams as a rapid-change detective and Miss Dorothy Mortimer as the pretty, but slangy, young wife of the Socialist are also prominent in a large and well-chosen cast.

Check your prudery at the door and you will do a lot of laughing at "The King."



THE title of "Art and Opportunity" refers to the relative value of woman's art as a man-catcher and her luck in finding opportunity to exercise the art. The heroine of this not very skilfully built comedy has both the art and opportunities, which she uses to her own and the audience's amusement in a number of clever comedy scenes loosely connected in the semblance of a plot. Eleanor Painter steps from comic opera into the legitimate as the sharp American widow in England. She is personally attractive, and endows the rôle with spirit and coquetry. She is not content to abandon her singing voice, however, and two songs are awkwardly lugged into the comedy with the most remarkably bungled piano accompaniment ever heard on our stage.

In the vastness of the Knickerbocker Theatre "Art and Opportunity" found it difficult to grip its audience. In the closer intimacy of the Cort it should fare better, as it is reasonably amusing and has an excellent cast.



"THE STAR-GAZER" with Mr. John Charles Thomas gazed on the metropolitan skies for only one brief week and then took to the woods. It was a not at all bad little comic opera, well produced, but prompt eviction is the fate of any attraction nowadays unless it pays its theatre rent from the start or has a backer who will hang on and put up until the public gets to know about the show.

"Six Months' Option," an elementary comedy with far less to recommend it, also did the rapid-vanishing act, surviving only four performances.

The dull theatrical period that always precedes Christmas is close at hand, and it is hinted that a number of other plays now hanging on only to collect the war tax the dead-heads have to pay Uncle Sam will pack up their troubles in the old kit bag and vanish from public view.



WITH theatrical business in a bad way and the whole world in a serious frame of mind, this seems an inopportune time to attempt to establish a French theatre in New York. The French population here is a small one. The persons who could not find sufficient amusement in our own theatres and therefore supplied Mr. Jacques Copeau with the funds for his enterprise are notoriously fickle in their likes and dislikes. There seems little chance for the permanency of the *Viens Colombier* when the present subscriptions run out and the theatre has to depend upon its own drawing power.

A good part of the funds has been expended on a rather fantastic refitment of the old Garrick calculated to create a mild curiosity. The first bill had for its main feature Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scarpin," a costume farce, providing the kind of character parts in which French actors excel. Until M. Copeau has shown himself and his company in something less primitive, it is impossible to form any opinion of the abilities and methods of the organization.

A French theatre in New York is a luxury for the few. With the new war taxes coming on, even they may not be able to afford it.

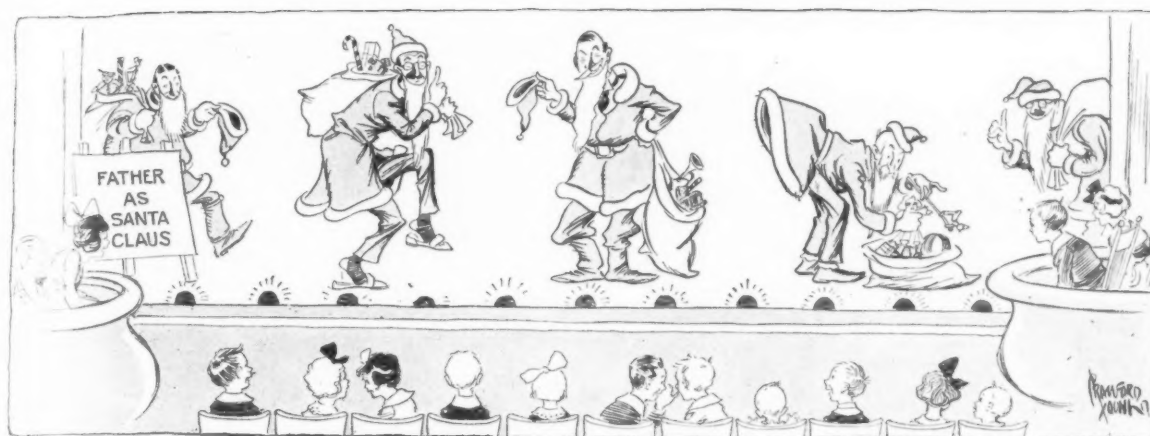


THE new bill of the Washington Square Players is an improvement on their first offering of the season. "Neighbors," by Zona Gale, doesn't raise the percentage, recalling the sort of thing that might have been done in the town hall by the Thespian Amateur Society. "The Critic's Comedy" is clever in execution, although one may well question the taste of its invasion of the private life of a well-known woman writer. "The Girl in the Coffin," by Mr. Theodore Dreiser, is a grim bit, but has its moments of power. "Yum Chapab" is a morsel of nonsense in pantomime that sends the audience home smiling. For acting the Players depend mostly on Mr. Arthur Hohl, Florence Enright and Helen Westley. Without the last none of their plays is complete.



THE new things in the ever fruitful girl-and-music line are "Over the Top" at the renovated Forty-fourth Street roof theatre and "Odds and Ends of 1917" at the Bijou. The latter is a continuous exploitation of the singing and dancing abilities of Mr. Jack Norworth and Miss Lillian Lorraine, punctuated with the funny vaudeville stunts of Mr. Harry Watson and backgrounded by the evolutions and changing costumes of the chorus young persons. In its total this makes slender and moderately diverting entertainment.

"Over the Top" is considerably more ambitious, being practically a Winter Garden show on a smaller scale. Miss Justine Johnstone and the numerous chorus female furnish the backbone of the piece which is constantly in view. They likewise demonstrate that tights are not being very generally worn.



AMATEUR NIGHT

There are songs, dancing, costumes (not extensive) and scenic effects. No high-brow influence is permitted to mar the entertainment. New York was starving for another girl-and-music show. Here it is.

MR. PHILIP MOELLER has taken some of the episodes of the life of Mme. George Sand and arranged them in the conventional three-act form of the theatre. He has allotted a certain amount of conversation to the characters, including some clever lines of his own. He has not made a play, but he has achieved the desired object of permitting Mrs. Fiske to limn the lady whose feminism was a bit ahead of its time.

The whole result is more a photographic than in any sense a dramatic

accomplishment. It is a matter of costumes, wigs and make-up, to which are attached the names of celebrities of the Sand period, with greater or less success. Of course we have the masculine attire and the cigar of the woman writer and a rather unconvincing illustration of her method of changing her lovers. Mrs. Fiske gains for herself a success of curiosity—no more. She gives us an approximation of George Sand's looks, a hint of her brilliancy and a suggestion of the maternal tendency towards her lovers. Here the picture stops.

Probably author and artist have done all that they intended to do, all that anyone could do in the circumstances. It remains for Mrs. Fiske's following and the small public that knows or cares anything about George Sand to do the rest.

Metcalfe.

Gaiety.—"The Country Cousin." by Messrs. Booth Tarkington and Julian Street. Once more we have it demonstrated, this time with a comedy touch, that virtue is to be found in the country and vice in the city.

Globe.—"Jack o' Lantern" with Mr. Fred Stone. Brilliantly staged girl-and-music show as a background for the fun-making abilities of the star.

Harris.—"The Naughty Wife," formerly "Losing Eloise," by Fred Jackson. Laughable and cleverly acted farcical comedy.

Hippodrome.—"Cheer Up." Big and brilliant spectacle, ballet and vaudeville.

Hudson.—"The Pipes of Pan," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. Artist life and its sentiment set forth in admirably acted comedy.

Knickerbocker.—"Her Regiment" with Mr. Donald Brian. Pleasant comic operetta with good music by Mr. Victor Herbert.

Longacre.—"Leave It to Jane." "The College Widow" with agreeable music taking the place of a good deal of the original fun.

Lyceum.—"Tiger Rose." Interesting and well staged drama with the Canadian Northwest as a background.

Lyric.—Moving pictures.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Chu Chin Chow." Gorgeous Oriental spectacle based on the story of "The Forty Thieves."

Marine Elliott's.—Marjorie Rambeau in "The Eyes of Youth." Excellently acted and interesting drama with a distinctly original theme.

Morosco.—"Lombardi. Ltd." by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. The romance and flashiness of the inside of the fashionable dressmaking industry.

Park.—"The Land of Joy." Something entirely novel in the way of a musical and dancing show with a Spanish flavor.

Playhouse.—Grace George in Bernstein's "L'Élévation." The French domestic triangle with a war-time camouflage. Well acted.

Plymouth.—"The Gipsy Trail," by Mr. Robert Housum. Notice later.

Princess.—Closed.

Republic.—"Blind Youth" with Mr. Lou Tellegen. Notice later.

Shubert.—"Maytime." Delightful musical play, charmingly done.

Theatre du Vieux Colombier.—French stock company in repertory. See above.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"What's Your Husband Doing?" by Mr. George V. Hobart. Farce with a good many laughs and all the well-known restaurant complications.

Winter Garden.—"Doing Our Bit." Girl-and-music show of the expected type, big and brilliant in costumes and settings.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Astor.—Last week of "The Very Idea." The baby as a eugenic product made the subject of a well played and laughable farce.

Belasco.—"Polly with a Past." Amusing farcical comedy, delightfully staged and with Miss Claire attractive in the leading part.

Bijou.—"Odds and Ends of 1917." See above.

Booth.—"The Masquerader" with Mr. Guy Bates Post. Interesting and well presented drama with a London background and the star in a dual rôle.

Broadhurst.—Closed.

Casino.—"Oh, Boy!" Slender little girl-and-music show, but tuneful and diverting.

Century.—"Miss 1917." Big girl-and-music show with more gorgeousness than brains.

Chan and Harris.—"A Tailor-Made Man." Clever and well acted comedy based on the adventures of a suit of evening clothes. Well played by an excellent company headed by Mr. Grant Mitchell.

Cohan's.—"The King" with Mr. Leo Dittreichstein. See above.

Comedy.—"The Washington Square Players in four new playlets." See above.

Cort.—"Art and Opportunity," by the late Harold Chapin. See above.

Criterion.—Mrs. Fiske in "Madame Sand," by Mr. Philip Moeller. See above.

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." Messrs. Potash and Perlmutter continue their laugh-making business ventures, this time in producing moving pictures.

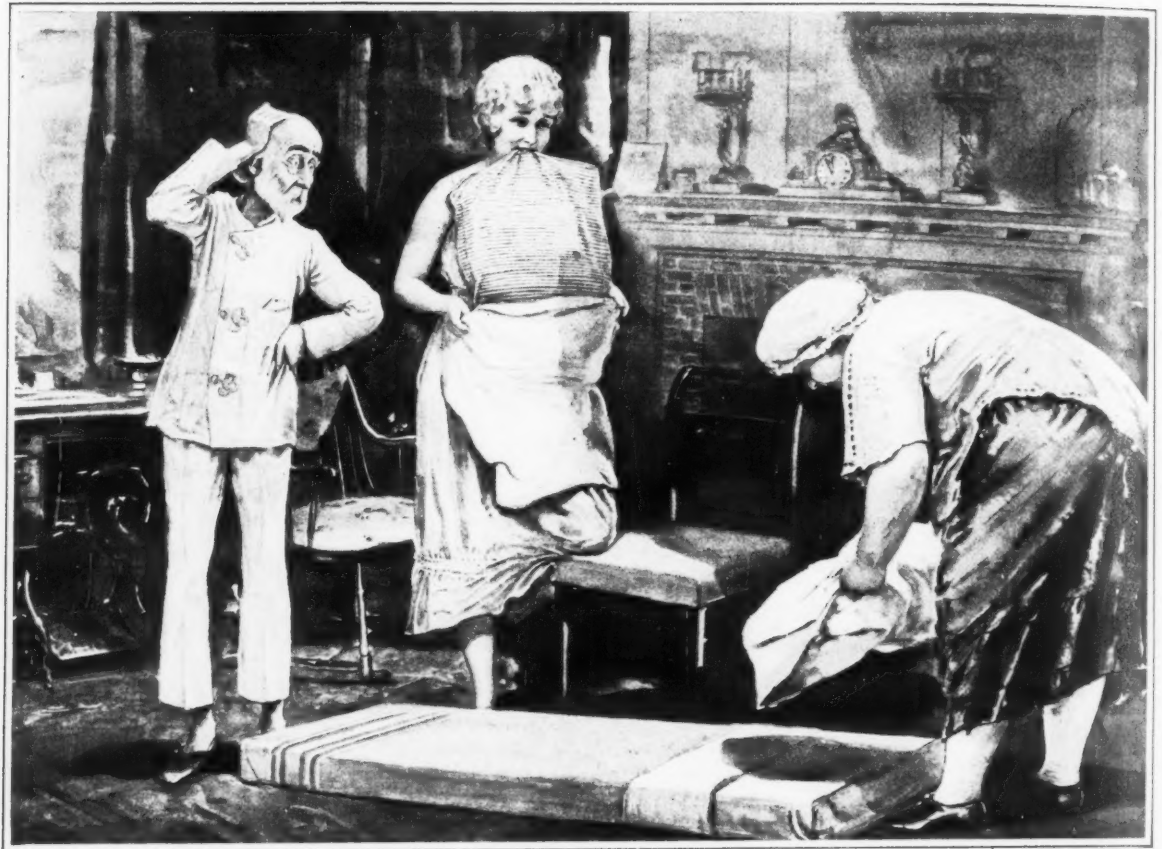
Empire.—"The Three Bears." by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. Sentimental comedy, well done and fairly interesting.

Forty-fourth Street.—Closed.

Forty-fourth Street Roof.—"Over the Top." See above.

Forty-eighth Street.—Closed.

Fulton.—"Broken Threads." by Mr. Ernest Wilkes. American polite melodrama, telling a good story and well played.



THE WILLOWBY'S WARD. 29

TO ACCOMMODATE AN UNUSUALLY LARGE WEEK-END PARTY THE PROFESSOR DOES A LITTLE ROUGHING IT

Collapsible Wall Street

THE Lord first made cowards for practice, and then made Wall Street.

Take two cups of nervous dyspepsia, and dilute well with a pitcherful of hysteria. Put on the stove and boil gently. Then add a package of chills and fever, grate a coupe of blanched cheeks, and stir until the pot boils over. Serve hot and cold.

Apprehension

"I HEAR that Bilcum is going to run for Congress."

"Really? I'm not surprised. When he was a boy they say his parents were awfully worried about him."



HOW AN ESCAPED GERMAN PRISONER GAVE HIMSELF AWAY

A Potsdam Interlude

IT was evident to the Kaiserin that her lord and master was in an evil humor. He kicked the leg from a chair which obstructed his way, and flung his sword down on the grand piano with such violence that the bass strings vibrated sonorously. Trembling with apprehension, the Kaiserin dropped two stitches.

"Bah!" growled the Kaiser. "These verdammte Americans are beyond the pale! What foul, base creatures they are, Augusta!"

"What have they done, Wilhelm?" enquired the Kaiserin, struggling to pick up the two stitches.

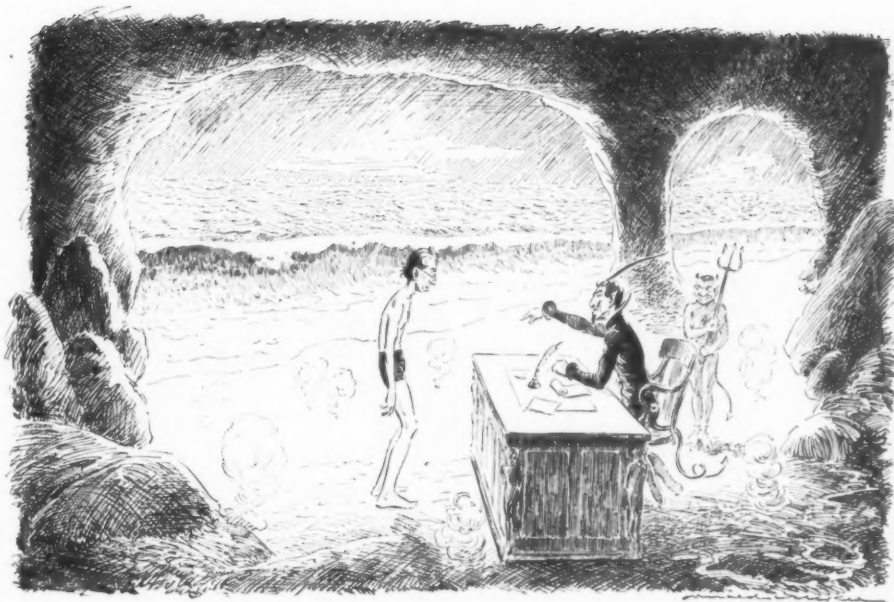
"You will scarcely credit it," snarled the Kaiser, "but they have so far forgot their honor and decency as to pry into the private correspondence of a member of our diplomatic corps!"

"Can it be!" exclaimed the Kaiserin incredulously. "What was in the correspondence?"

"Oh, something quite unimportant," replied the Kaiser. "Something to do with our campaign of planting typhus bacilli in neutral countries, I think."

The Kaiserin shook her head sadly. "They are common folk, those Americans, Wilhelm," she said. "Tradespeople, upstarts, parvenus. They cannot be trusted. They have not nobility of character."

"I should say they hadn't!" the Kaiser declared. "They are absolutely lacking in morals. Not content with prying into diplomatic correspondence, they set spies on some of our foreign



DOING HIS BIT

Satan: A TRAITOR, EH? WRITE THE WORD "PATRIOTISM" ONE MILLION TIMES ON THOSE HOT SANDS, AND LOOK OUT FOR THAT SURF OF BOILING LAVA.

agents, and actually stole some papers that were locked in desks."

"What a dastardly trick!" cried the Kaiserin. "I hope the papers weren't valuable!"

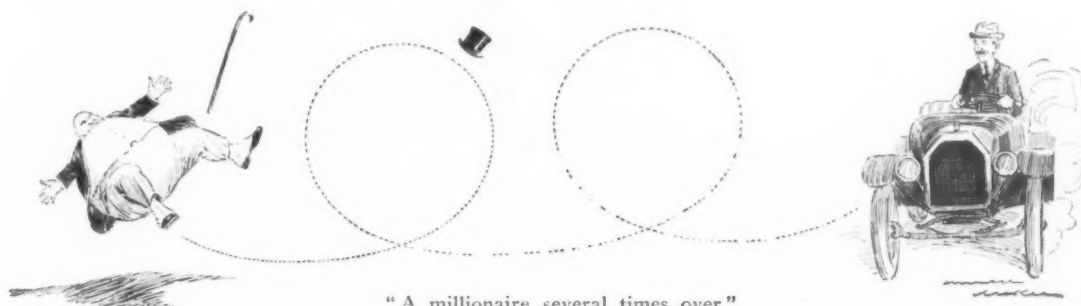
"They didn't amount to much," said the Kaiser. "They contained a few worthless notes relative to the bombing of hospitals by our air forces, and plans for the murder by German agents of statesmen of neutral countries in case they displayed hostility to our cause."

The Kaiserin's lip curled contemptuously. "Think," said she, "of the despicable treachery of the creatures! Nothing is sacred to them! Oh, Wilhelm, can't you teach them a lesson?"

"You bet I can!" fumed the Kaiser. "After this war is over I shall never invite another American to dine on my yacht—never! The first thing I knew, they'd be carving their initials on the dining-room table and scratching matches on the wall. They are absolutely not to be trusted. They'll have to get along without me after this, I can tell you that! I can't, and won't, endure such viciousness and lack of honor!"

Mentally relieved by the high moral stand which they had taken, the royal couple rang for a dish of pretzels and prepared for a quiet evening.

Kenneth L. Roberts.



"A millionaire several times over"

Last Call for Christmas



LADIES, gentlemen and children! LIFE is proud of you. Our request for two thousand dollars to give every one of the orphaned French babies cared for through the generosity of LIFE's readers a Christmas gift or gifts, each costing a dollar, has brought us, up to present writing, \$1463.33. We have no doubt that the remainder will reach us *before December twentieth*, when the fund will close. Should there be a surplus it will be added to the general fund.

The committee in Paris which is to purchase and distribute the gifts fully approves our suggestion that the gifts purchased be the work of wounded soldiers, thus making the money do a double Christmas work of joy giving. We have received for the fund:

Already acknowledged	\$924.25
K. W. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.	5
JEANNE HABAS-SANGLA, J. Russell Thomson, Detroit, Mich.	10
BABY 1329 Betty Taylor and Billy Gordon,	5
Washington, D. C.	2
J. Ann Wheat, Jr., and Michael Erskine Wheat, Charlottesville, Va.	10
T. A. Kramer, El Dorado, Kansas	10
"A Friend," Philadelphia, Pa.	10
Mrs. Frank Stuart Smith, Bethlehem, Pa.	5
Brett, Alice and Charles Sine, Calgary, Alberta	5
"A Friend," Glen Cove, L. I.	5
E. S. Hammond, Albert Lea, Minn.	10
Mrs. J. C. Davidson, Lynchburg, Va.	1
Mrs. W. D. Olmsted, Buffalo, N. Y.	5
Miss M. C. Gray, Boston, Mass.	10
"A Friend from Massachusetts"	10
Mrs. J. Hinkel, Berkeley, Cal.	20
Isabella Brandt, Erie, Pa.	10
"In lieu of Christmas gifts that would have been bestowed by a friend," Montchanin, Del.	54
Mrs. E. U. Marland, Ponca City, Okla.	50
Miss Jean Annett, Bayonne, N. J.	25
Mr. and Mrs. A. Erskine Miller, Staunton, Va.	7
K. G. Watertown, Mass.	20
"For Sister," Westfield, N. J.	2
Henry J. Gassie, New Orleans, La.	2
Mrs. W. L. Harkness, New York City	150
Tipton S. Blish, Seymour, Ind.	20
Miss Louise Wickham, New York City	5
Mary J. Allen, Cambridge, Mass.	2
The Essex County Teachers' Guild, Newark, N. J.	10
Miss H. C. Cushing, Chicago, Ill.	1
F. R. Nichols, Kansas City, Mo.	2.50
Mrs. L. L. Foulton, Carlinville, Ill.	5
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Brown, Vancouver, Wash.	2
Herbert and Irene Richardson, New York City	6.58
Mrs. John C. Kirby, New Brighton, S. I.	10
Anonymous, Summit, N. J.	2
Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey L. Goodrich, Berkeley, Cal.	10
E. W. W. Menlo Park, Cal.	10
L. Toro, Newark, N. J.	3
James L. Murray, Indianapolis, Ind.	2
Mrs. Allen K. White, Atlantic City, N. J.	5
	\$1463.33

Notwithstanding their generosity to the Christmas fund, LIFE's readers have not failed to extend their splendid work of providing two years' maintenance for French babies orphaned by the war. Before Christmas we have no doubt that more than two thousand children will be receiving this assistance, so important to them, to their brave mothers and to our ally, the Republic of France.

For this purpose LIFE has received \$143,913.69, from which we have remitted to Paris 837,044.95 francs. We gratefully acknowledge from

Rudolph Schmitz, St. Louis, Mo., for Baby No. 1892	\$73
Rudolph Schmitz, Jr., University City, Mo., for Baby No. 1893	73
Miss Anna Sanger Jones, Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 1894	73
George A. Brown, Barre, Mass., for Babies Nos. 1895 and 1896	146
N. O. Nelson, New Orleans, La., for Baby No. 1898	73
D. H. Grandin Milling Co., Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 1899	73
"Clinton French War Orphan Life Circle," Clinton, Iowa, for Baby No. 1900	73
Tonella Winters Thomas and children, in memory of Allen Elmer Thomas of Dayton, Ohio, for Baby No. 1901	73
Frederick Kniffen, Wilmington, Del., for Baby No. 1905	73
Manila Monday Musical Club, Manila, P. I., for Babies Nos. 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1909	292
"A Friend," Philadelphia, Pa., for Babies Nos. 1910 and 1911	146
Miss Molly Mattis, Champaign, Ill., for Baby No. 1912	73
Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Holder, New York City, for Baby No. 1913	73
John A. Mitchell, New York City, for Babies Nos. 1917 and 1918	146
James A. King, Cleveland, Ohio, for Baby No. 1919	73
Through Mr. George H. Eberhard, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1920	73
Mrs. H. Spence, Oakland, Cal., for Baby No. 1921	73
Miss Helen Strite, Berkeley, Cal., for Baby No. 1922	73
Miss L. Nelson, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1923	73
Miss W. D. Reilly, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1924	73
Miss Martha Svoboda, Oakland, Cal., for Baby No. 1925	73
Miss M. Fitzgerald, So. San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1926	73
Miss M. Wester, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1927	73
Mrs. F. H. Price, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1928	73
Mrs. G. H. Rockel, Los Angeles, Cal., for Baby No. 1929	73
Mrs. W. I. Wilson, Seattle, Wash., for Baby No. 1930	73
Mrs. J. W. Osborn, San Francisco, Cal., for Baby No. 1931	73
Mrs. Geo. H. Eberhard, Berkeley, Cal., for Baby No. 1932	73
Miss Marie Lafaille, Berkeley, Cal., for Baby No. 1933	73
Mrs. R. G. Prosser, Berkeley, Cal., for Baby No. 1934	73
Mrs. Geo. W. Johnson, Endicott, N. Y., for Babies Nos. 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943 and 1944	730
Winifred Lois Border, West Bend, Iowa, for Baby No. 1945	73
Mrs. L. A. Smith, Palatka, Fla., for Baby No. 1946	73
"In lieu of Christmas gifts that would have been bestowed by a friend," Montchanin, Del., for Babies Nos. 1947 and 1948	146
L. U., Oklahoma City, Okla., on account of Baby No. 1949	25
M. L. Hughes, Clarksville, Tenn., account of Baby 1949	3
Miss Louise Ruffin, Grenada, Miss., account of Baby 1949	3
The Welfare Association, Middletown, Ohio, on account of Babies Nos. 1915 and 1916	73
Nelson K. Crane, 18th Engrs., U. S. A., A. E. F., France, on account of Baby No. 1750	10
Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Hill, Nunn, Col., account of Baby 1965	3
L. G. Moultrie, Valley City, N. D., account of Baby 1812	3
Anna, Frank and Milton Nichols, Kansas City, Mo., for Baby No. 1949	73
Mr. and Mrs. A. Erskine Miller, Staunton, Va., for Baby No. 1950	73
Miss Ida Bartlett Reed, Boston, Mass., for Baby No. 1951	73
Agnes E. Lyall, Summit, N. J., for Baby No. 1953	73
Master Herbert J. Lyall, Jr., Summit, N. J., for Baby No. 1954	73
A. M. Tofthagen, Lakota, N. Dak., for Baby No. 1955	73
The Essex County Teachers' Guild, Newark, N. J., for Babies Nos. 1956 and 1957	146
Collin Kemper, New York City, for Baby No. 1958	73
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Brown, Vancouver, Wash., for Baby No. 1959	73
Frank N. Doubleday, Garden City, N. Y., for Baby No. 1960	73
Men's Bible Class of Nelson Memorial Presbyterian Church, through E. P. Tice, Columbus, Ohio, for Baby No. 1961	73
Mary E. G. Stebbins, Detroit, Mich., for Baby No. 1962	73
Miss Ellen Watson, Plymouth, Mass., for Baby No. 2000	73

BABY NUMBER 1952

Amy D. Inman, Rochester, N. Y.	\$9.56
Henry J. Gassie, New Orleans, La.	3
"A Friend," Forrest City, Ark.	3.75
Frederick B. Irvine, Quincy, Mass.	2
Charles H. Smith, New York City	5
The French Classes of Eastern High School, Detroit, Mich.	30.50
Mrs. Jack Gordon, San Francisco, Cal.	7
Miss Clara Elizabeth Baldwin, Summit, N. J.	7

\$64.81



"LOOK HERE, DOCTOR, YOUR BILL FOR SERVICES TO MY WIFE IS JUST DOUBLE WHAT YOU SAID IT WOULD BE."

Therapeutic-Electric-Psychological Specialist: I KNOW IT; BUT AFTER I STARTED IN TO TREAT HER I FOUND THAT SHE HAD A DOUBLE PERSONALITY.

BABY NUMBER 1888

Already acknowledged	\$68.56
William A. Eggers, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	4.44
	\$73

BABY NUMBER 1897

William A. Eggers, Cincinnati, Ohio.....	\$0.56
"In memory of Barbara Campbell".....	15
Helen P. Jannopoulos, Webster Groves, Mo.....	50
Miss Gladys Breazeale, Natchitoches, La.....	5
F. Van Wormer, Springfield, Mass.....	2.44
	\$73

BABY NUMBER 1903

F. Van Wormer, Springfield, Mass.....	\$2.50
"Caritas," New Orleans, La.....	1
"Blank".....	2.50
L. C. Russell, Westfield, Mass.....	4
M. J. Catlin, Chicago, Ill.....	5
Miss Frances Hoskins, Auburn, N. Y.....	36.50
Fidelis Club, Fairbury, Ill.....	6
Clyde M. Crist, Clarksburg, W. Va.....	10
Virginia Elizabeth, Detroit, Mich.....	2
Amy D. Inman, Rochester, N. Y.....	3.44
	\$73

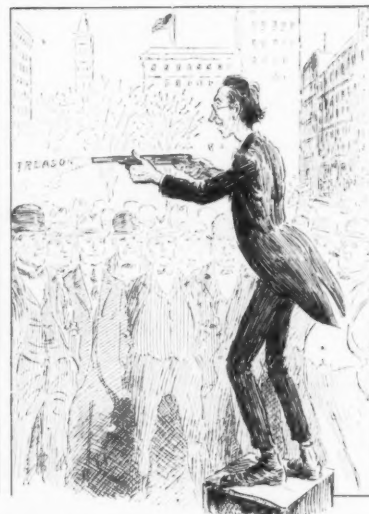
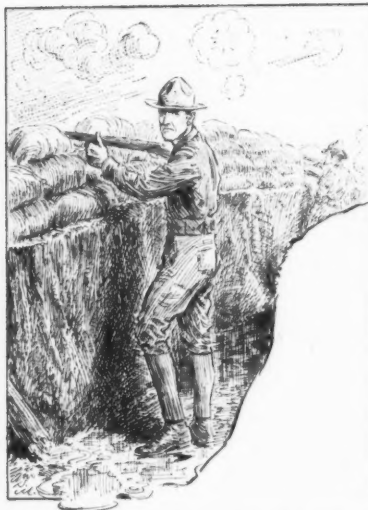


FRANCOIS RANDAULET,
BABY 1973

In this list are printed first the numbers and names of the babies. These are followed by the names of the contributors to whom they are assigned.

- 1674. Yvonne Dazet. "Citizens of Windber, Pa."
- 1675. Madeleine Decagny. "Citizens of Windber, Pa."
- 1684. Solange Delanoue. Edna and Florence Nibley.
- 1772. Maurice Denis. Mrs. Lucretia E. Cotchett.
- 1702. Eliane Derruy. Mrs. Margaret E. Bunker.
- 1691. Roger Deruelle. Simpson Lynch.
- 1710. Cécile Despeaux. From Baby Noelle through her parents, Justice and Mrs. Finch.
- 1745. Jean Dimey. In memory of Charles C. Bemis.
- 1731. Yvonne Diot. Blue Ridge Farm.
- 1701. Gaston Bouveret. Caroline Marie and Barbara. Marie Fourth and Cynthia.
- 1617. Charlotte Boyer. Miss Mary C. Alexander.
- 1713. Louise Bozec. Mrs. I. A. Caswell.
- 1759. Jeanne Bragard. Miss Elizabeth S. Dow.
- 1626. Henriette Bride. H. N. Wood.

(Continued on page 1023)



ONLY A POP-GUN, BUT IT STINGS

Arousing the Germans



HE ober-lieutenant entered the dug-out briskly, removed several quarts of mud from his careworn face and saluted the captain punctiliously.

"Herr Hauptmann," he barked, "I beg leave to report that the shock troops in the front-line trenches are losing their fierceness. Ever since they installed the listening post and heard the things that the detachment of Texas cowboys in the American trenches said about them, they have had no appetite and little enthusiasm."

"Have you tried kicking them?" asked the captain glumly.

"Yes, Herr Hauptmann," replied the ober-lieutenant. "I have given them three rounds of kicks apiece, and finished up by beating each one of them with a section of machine-gun hose. It didn't make them a bit cheerier."

"Strange!" murmured the captain.

For a time he pondered deeply, oblivious to the roar of bursting shells and the shrill hissing of the *flammenwerfer*.

Suddenly he leaped to his feet excitedly. "I have it!" he cried. "Go back to your men, lieutenant, and tell them that the Americans are sending all their prisoners to the United States and forcing them to drink near-beer!"

With a cry of triumph, the ober-lieutenant saluted and dashed from the dug-out.

Three minutes later a hoarse shout of rage from the front-line trenches told the captain that his ruse had been successful, and that the men would fight like demons to avoid such a horrible fate.

Mathematical

WE are getting new words all the time, as camouflage, barrage, Bolsheviki. And our figures of speech nowadays are pretty much all war figures.

Who Knows?

FIRST the War Department arranged only for Y. M. C. A. buildings at the cantonments. Then the Knights of Columbus were admitted. Next came the Masons, Elks and others. Will the following clamor soon for recognition? The Italian Black-Hand Society. The Chinese Chop Suey Association. The Kosher Butchers' Union. The Colored Gentlemen's Interstate Fraternity.

The Sons of Sweden.

When Greek Meets Greek (fruit-dealers and bootblacks).

The Gas-House Gang (New York City).

Whoops-My-Dear (chorus-boys' club).

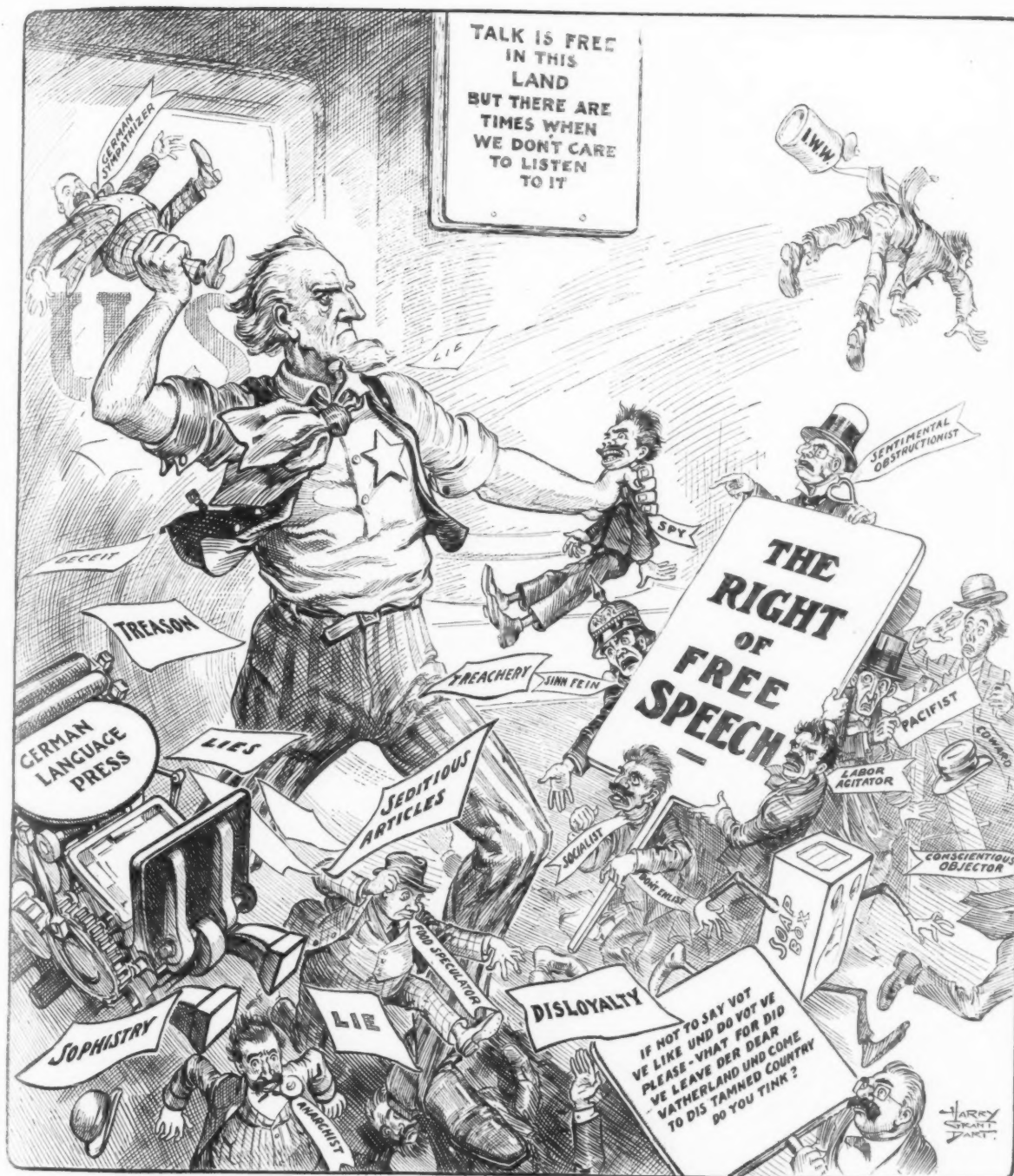
The La Follette Brotherhood (opposed to everything American and in favor of everything German).



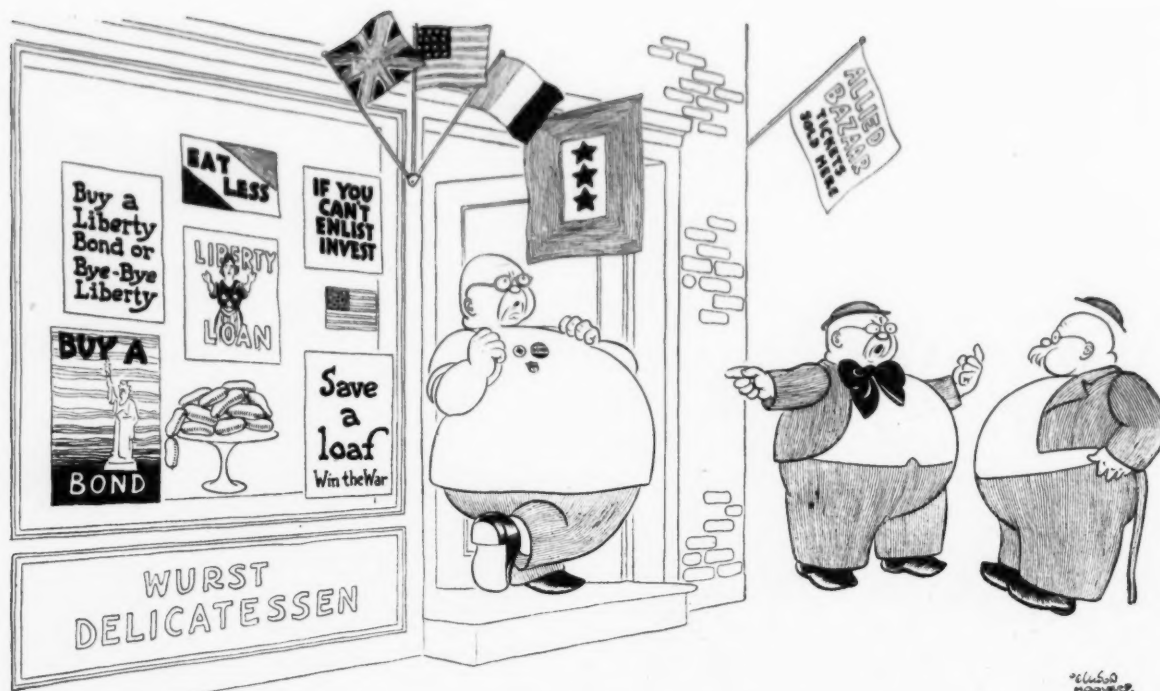
"SAY, DOC, THAT OPERATION YOU PERFORMED ON ME HEAD TO CURE ME CRIMINAL TENDENCIES MADE ME WORSE, AN' I JUST THOUGHT I'D SEE YER ABOUT GETTIN' A LITTLE DAMAGES."

For Fat People Only

SUGGESTION for food conservation slogan: Be Patriotic—Weigh Less!

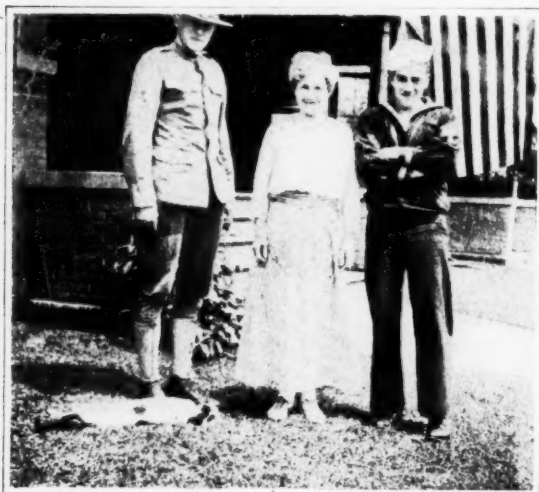


HOW LONG WOULD GERMANY STAND FOR IT?



Der Renegade

"The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver"



To the Editor of LIFE:

Seeing the splendid picture on the front page of LIFE, week of November 8th, has tempted me to enclose the following—just to show you how we are all doing our bravest.

I am a widow. These are my all. It is a snapshot. Enough said. The cat is *not* dead.

Very truly yours,

HOPE WHITE.

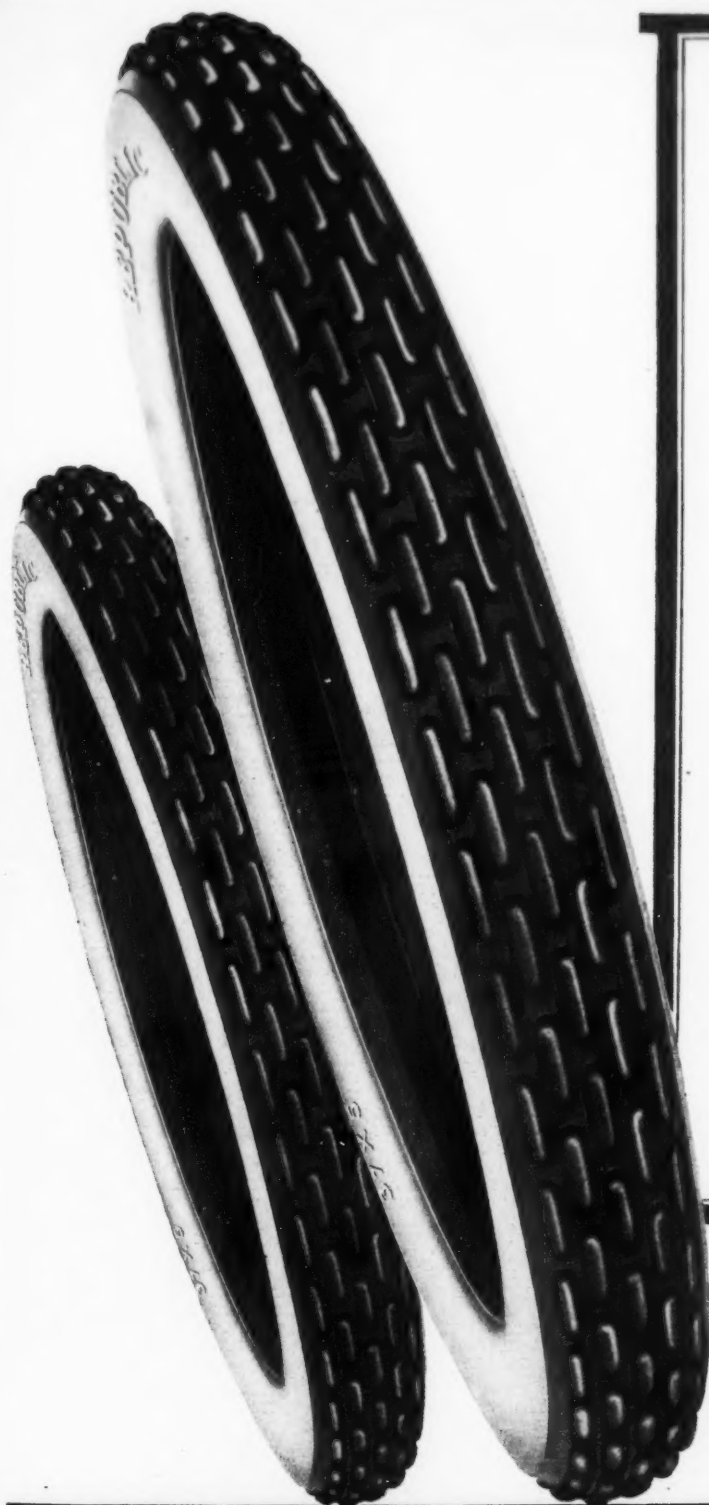
Trenton, N. J., Nov. 12, 1917.

(The picture to which our correspondent refers represented an American mother, smiling, arm in arm with her two sons, one in the navy, the other in the army. This picture was drawn by Norman Rockwell, and bore the title, "The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver.")

Things We Never Expect to See in This War

A DECISIVE victory by the Crown Prince.
 Von Hindenburg on the firing line.
 Voluntary abandonment of submarine warfare.
 German relinquishment of Poland.
 An I. W. W. appropriation for Liberty Loan Bonds.
 A senatorial vote of confidence in La Follette.
 A war song that is a song.

IT seems strange that politicians favor equal suffrage in communities where women vote, and are against it in localities where they don't.



The Service of the Republic

Is there a difference in tires?

Republic users say there is.

Thousands of them say so.

They say Republic Tires last longer.

They cannot be attracted away from the Republic to any other tire.

They say that the Pröidium Process makes Republic Tires tremendously tough and strong.

They say that these tires are almost immune to road cutting and chipping.

They say that the patented Staggard tread gives extra security in driving.

They say these things freely, frequently, to all their friends.

Do you know of another tire to which so many people are loyal from year end to year end?

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation

Youngstown, Ohio

*Originator of the first Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread*

Republic
STAGGARD
PAT. SEP. 13-22-1908
Tread

*Maximum Grip with
Minimum Friction*

REPUBLIC TIRES

AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

What It May Come To

SLAVEY: Please, mum, the coal ration has come. There are thirty-one little lumps—that's ten for the drawing-room and ten for the dining-room and ten for the kitchen. If you please, what shall I do with the lump over?

—London Opinion.

He Recognized Her

"You don't know me, do you, Bobby?" asked a lady who had recently been baptized.

"Sure I do," piped the youth. "You're the lady what went in swimming with the preacher last Sunday."—Aegwan.

Working the Market

"My wife watches the sugar market closely."

"Speculating?"

"In a small way. She borrows when it's high and pays back when it's low."

—Kansas City Journal.



"PROSIT!"

Off the Griddle

The hotel was overcrowded, and a very fat man had been forced to spend the night on a wire cot minus blanket and mattress.

"How did you sleep?" inquired the clerk the next morning.

"Oh, I slept all right," the fat man assured him, "but I certainly looked like a waffle when I got up this morning!"

—Milestones.

"HAVE any trouble in getting your money back?"

"Not a bit," replied the dissatisfied purchaser. "But I got the worst of it, as usual. The price of the article had jumped so by the time I got back to the store that they made a profit by getting it in stock again."—Washington Star.

A QUANDARY is not a wild animal. But if you are in a quandary about a matter just now of world-wide interest you will find how to get out of it by referring to page 992 of this issue.

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It contains no cereal or grain products needed by our government or allies.

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Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club

(Pronounced Klee-ko)

GINGER ALE



"YOU ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LADY IN THE WORLD"

The Disheartened Humorist

THE Ouija board was talking again. "I am Mark Twain," it spelled. "I am so mad that I can hardly speak. I am so mad that I have pulled all the strings out of my harp and kicked dents in all the clouds in my heavenly abode."

The Ouija board danced up and down furiously, by way of showing the violence of the anger that filled the spirit which spoke through it.

Finally it quieted down and became coherent once more.

"For years and years," it spelled, "I devoted myself to the difficult and wearisome art of writing humor. All alone in my study, I hammered and wrought at words and phrases and sentences, striving with all my might to evolve literature which might cause my readers to smile. I was moderately successful, but only after the bitterest drudgery.

"Now I am forced to see the rankiest amateur step forward and without the slightest training or the least effort, write the most mirth-provoking humor the world has ever seen!"

The Ouija board skidded from side to side with a grating sound, strikingly reminiscent of teeth gritting together.

"I refer," the Ouija board continued,

In extending to the Southern Pacific Company, under the terms of the Panama Canal Act, the privilege of retaining the ownership and operation of the Morgan Line,

The Interstate Commerce Commission said:

"Many disinterested witnesses, who have had years of familiarity with transportation conditions, expressed the conviction that a severance of the Morgan Line from the Southern Pacific Company would be a calamity."

The above refers to the Steamship Service of the

"MORGAN LINE"

OPERATING BETWEEN

NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK AND GALVESTON

FORMING A PART OF THE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES

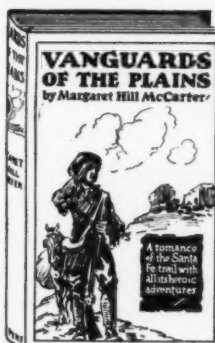
Through Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico,
Arizona, California, Oregon



Just Published

VANGUARDS OF THE PLAINS

By
Margaret
Hill McCarter



The romance of the Santa Fé Trail is told here, with all its dramatic days and its heroic adventures. It presents a thrilling picture of the years when the new West and the old Southwest were bound together. Every foot of that way and every season of those years teem with the romance of youth and the drama of action, Indian fighting, the famous deeds of famous scouts.

Frontispiece. \$1.40

HARPER & BROTHERS Established 1817

"If all women read *The PINKLED FRINFT*, their clamor for the ballot would instantly cease."

—A Politician.

We dislike to capitalize curiosity; but—it is different from anything YOU have ever read!

Cloth. One Dollar. Write for circular.

UNUSUAL PUB. CO., INC., Box 674, Chicago, Ill.

(See Page 726, LIFE, Nov. 1, 1917.)

after its paroxysm of skidding, "I refer to Georg Michaelis, the German ex-Chancellor. I have scrutinized his writings closely, and I am amazed beyond words at the ease with which it provokes merriment. The shortest sentences in his shortest speeches cause the entire world to burst into uproarious and Gargantuan screams of laughter. Even I, consumed with professional jealousy as I am, almost laughed my head off at his statements concern-

ing the action Germany would and would not take in regard to Belgium and Alsace and Lorraine. It's enough to drive a hard-working humorist to drink!"

With these words the Ouija board leaped three feet in the air and descended with such velocity that it was splintered into countless fragments. The spirit of Mark Twain had apparently suffered beyond endurance.

K. L. R.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Honest

A certain rector, just before the service, was called to the vestibule to meet a couple who wanted to be married. He explained that there wasn't time for the ceremony then. "But," said he, "if you will be seated I will give you an opportunity at the end of the service for you to come forward, and I will then perform the ceremony."

The couple agreed, and at the proper moment the clergyman said: "Will those who wish to be united in the holy bond of matrimony please come forward?"

Thereupon thirteen women and one man proceeded to the altar.—*Blighty*.

Miscalled

"Any complaints, corporal?" asked the colonel, making, one morning, a personal inspection.

"Yes, sir. Taste that, sir," said the corporal.

"Why," the colonel said, "that's the best soup I ever tasted."

"Yes, sir," said the corporal, "and the cook wants to call it coffee."

—*Boston Transcript*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Scriptural Rain

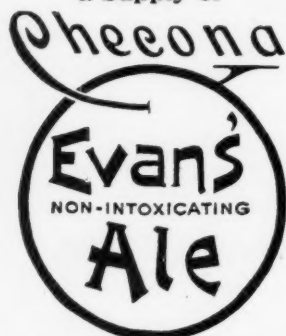
FARMER HAYRICK: Mighty wet rain, hain't it, squire?

SQUIRE GROUCH: Ever hear of rain that wasn't wet, you idiot?

FARMER HAYRICK: Yes, I did. Accordin' to Scriptur, it once rained fire and brimstun, by gosh!

—*Southern Woman's Magazine*.

To Put Good Cheer Into This Year's Holidays Order a Supply of



NO GOVERNMENT LICENSE REQUIRED

A gratifying, substantial, satisfying and enjoyable beverage. All up-to-date dealers.

C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.



BELL-ANS
Absolutely Removes
Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.

"Stop
Useless
Waste"



Economy is a war-time necessity. But be sure you practice *sensible* economy. Good health and efficiency demand mind and body building recreation. *Motor of course*. Keep fit. But don't squander fuel money. Equip your car with a New Stromberg Carburetor.

It produces—on any car, old or new—most miles per gallon. It conserves gasoline. Enables you to motor with a "clear conscience"—to employ *tangible* patriotism—to save and serve in a way that really counts—without stinting.

Investigate. Send at once for unbeatable economy records—and free literature that explains how you can increase mileage and reduce fuel costs. State name, model and year of your car.

Stromberg Motor Devices Co.
Dept. 1212 64 E. 25th St., Chicago

New STROMBERG Does it!
CARBURETOR

Modern Music

HE: Most girls, I have found, don't appreciate real music.

SECOND HE: Why do you say that?

HE: Well, you may pick beautiful strains on a mandolin for an hour, and she won't even look out of the window, but just one honk of a horn and—out she comes!—*Burr*.

A Bit Heady

PRESIDING GENIUS: What is the charge against Private Jones?

SERGEANT: If yer plaze, 'e's been drunk, an' 'e's been breakin' things, an' he won't obey no orders. In fact, 'e's been behavin' ginrally as though 'e wuz the bloomin' colonel himself!

—*Southern Woman's Magazine*.

The Teuton Way

A story illustrative of the changes in methods of warfare comes from a soldier in France who took a German officer prisoner. The soldier said to the officer: "Give up your sword!" But the officer shook his head and answered: "I have no sword to give up. But won't my vitriol spray, my oil projector or my gas cylinder do as well?"—*London Opinion*.

THE Sphinx was miffed. For days some smart Aleck of a human had managed to guess every one of her riddles. Finally she propounded one that was a credit to the Sphinx reputation as a riddle-propounder. This was it: "What is the very best thing on earth to do?" It puzzled all the Sphinx's regular customers, but the answer will be found on page 992 of this issue of LIFE.

Worth Waiting For

A Rhondda man went into a public-house and called for a glass of whisky and water. Having tasted it, he exclaimed:

"Which did you put in first, the whisky or the water?"

"The whisky, of course," the publican replied.

"Ah, well," said the Rhondda man, "perhaps I'll come to it by and by."

—*Tit-Bits*.

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Be sure to place your order with a reliable bookseller, news agent or solicitor, if you do not mail it to **LIFE** direct.

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SCR
INV
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HO

595 F

MAY
Noth
a dog
puppi
terrie
Satis
THE

French Babies

(Continued from page 1015)

1790. René Martin-Jarraud. In memory of Walter Craig Kerr.
 1794. Jean Marie Maumus. Mrs. John Edwin Brown.
 1623. Andrée Mayet. Proceeds of moving-picture show given by Marie R., Elizabeth S. and Eleanor F. Cummings.
 1624. Gabrielle Mayet. Proceeds of moving-picture show given by Marie R., Elizabeth S. and Eleanor F. Cummings.
 1734. Hippolyte Meyrat. Several contributors.
 1638. Jean Geiger. Valentine L. Fine and Andrew M. Fine, Jr.
 1654. Valentin Geisse. Mrs. Frederick D. Nye.
 1791. Eugene Georgelin. The boys of the Nichols School.
 1655. Renée Gerard. Mrs. E. M. Stone.
 1769. Paul Ginon. "A Friend."
 1662. Mélanie Giret. M. P. H.
 1632. Charles Gombaud. H. N. Wood.
 1633. Yves Gombaud. H. N. Wood.
 1656. Marcel Goudeau. Jack Caskie.
 1663. Yvonne Gourdon. Harriet Price.
 1800. Charles Gouvenot. In memoriam Gabriel Brackenbury.
 1660. Alphonse Granet. L. G. Dodge.
 1669. Paulette Gretel. Mary E. Guthrie.
 1797. André Griffon-Renaud. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Sanford.
 1668. Henri Guillon. North-Way Lodge.
 1664. Léonie Guillot. Margaret M. Eaton.
 1641. Joseph Henry. J. M. Allen.
 1843. Marcelle Hirsch. T. G. Winter.
 1761. Jean Hot. F. H. and E. W.
 1677. Marguerite Houdain. Mrs. Elizabeth B. Edson.
 1679. Emile Inric. Several contributors.
 1667. Roger Donadieu. Senior Class of Dwight School.
 1659. Marcel Dubois. James E. Cloughley.
 1773. Germaine Dufournet. Mrs. Lucretia E. Cotchett.
 1855. Gisèle Dumonceau. Frank K. Hoffman.
 1685. Achille Dumont. Edna and Florence Nibley.
 1732. Marcel Even. Blue Ridge Farm.
 1627. Louis Falin. H. N. Wood.
 1628. Rose Falin. H. N. Wood.
 1792. Yvonne Marguerite Faussard. Mrs. Orme Wilson.
 1644. Henriette Fayat. Mrs. C. F.
 1762. Roger Fleury. Ada-Marie Scoble.
 1763. Simone Fleury. Ada-Marie Scoble.
 1765. André Foucault. Mr. and Mrs. Louis Elleau.
 1801. Marie Germaine Fouillot. Anonymous.
 1703. Robert Froggart. William Bunker.
 1793. Fernand Gal. Mrs. Orme Wilson.
 1630. Louise Gauthier. The officers and crew of the U. S. S. Cassin.

DO you know what a dilemma is? You are probably up against one at the present moment. If you will read page 902 of this issue you will at least find a pleasant way to escape from it.

SCRIBNER INVESTMENT PUBLICATIONS

Upon request, accompanied by a 2-cent stamp for return postage, the following investment booklet will be sent to any reader of LIFE.

HOW TO INVEST An informative article on security for savings plus a fair income return.

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595 Fifth Avenue

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Nothing can give as much real pleasure as a dog. We have some of the cutest little puppies in Pekingese, Cairn and Sealyham terriers, the most fashionable breeds today Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE DOGGERIE, ARLINGTON, N. J.



The Motor Truck— First Aide to Aviation

In the aviation corps, a degree of dependability hitherto unthought of is essential.

Repair parts, fuel, labor must be mobilized with clock-like certainty. The lives of highly trained men and the most vital issues hinge upon each unit doing promptly and perfectly the duties placed upon it. Trucks must meet regular routine and be equal to emergencies.

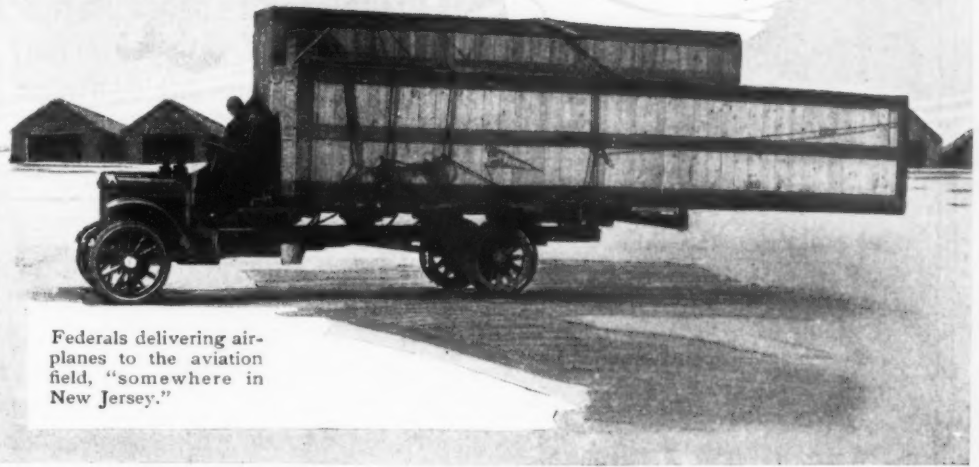
Federal 100% All-truck construction makes the Federal ideal for the most severe of field requirements. For eight years Federals have shown their stamina under the hardest conditions.

Federals are built for one purpose only—the maximum of service. They stand for "Performance" wherever trucks are used.

One to Five Ton Capacities.
Write for "Federal Traffic News"

Federal Motor
Truck Company
Detroit, Mich.

FEDERAL



Federals delivering air-planes to the aviation field, "somewhere in New Jersey."

Rejected, with Thanks

"IS'NT this too absurd?" said the hostess, as she read a letter the maid had handed to her. "I sent Marie Burns the loveliest of bags for Christmas. It had been given to me, I knew, and I had so many I saved it to give away. I suppose we all do those things."

The guest nodded.

"Well, here's her letter of thanks, and listen to what she says:

"Dear Grace: When I gave you that bag three years ago on Christmas I was so fond of it I could hardly bear to part with it. So I thank you most heartily for remembering me this Christmas with my own gift, which I parted with so unselfishly. Cordially yours, Marie Burns."

"Do you ever paint pictures in the nude?"

"Hardly! I usually wear a working jacket."—California Pelican.



Life's
Calendars
for
1918



There Never Was a Time

In the history of the world when counting every day is such a necessity as it is now. Every day brings us nearer to the end of the war. Every day, if it means an added personal sacrifice, means also another step toward Peace and universal brotherhood. A Life calendar in the home is a constant reminder that the Liberty of the world is steadily drawing nearer.

Thousands of homes throughout America testify each year to the beauty and usefulness of LIFE'S Calendars. The two Calendars, reproduced above in miniature, are handsomely printed in colors, and tied together with a heavy cord and tassel. Each Calendar put up in an art box, size 10x14. Sent carriage prepaid to any United States address upon receipt of One Dollar each. As the edition is limited and these Calendars are highly popular as Christmas Gifts you should place your order at once, forwarding with it your remittance for the proper amount.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
17 West 31st Street
New York

The Medical Corps

NOT foe to them, not friend,
But man in pain.
Not ground to them, not trench,
But lives to gain!

No rest for them, no peace,
While Death is rife—
Until they fall themselves,
Amid the strife!

Ruth Lambert Jones.

"WELL, old fellow, the doctor tells me that I simply have got to have my appendix removed."

"Dear me, is he so hard up as that?"

First aid in every household —Musterole

Cough, cough, cough.
How it racks little Dorothy
and passes on to mother and
grandma and holds a croup
danger for all the little ones!

Hurry, there, with the
Musterole, that pure, white
ointment that is better than
a mustard plaster—and it
will not bring a blister.
Massage it gently over the
chest and neck. Feel the
tingle, then the cool de-
lightfulness as Musterole
searches down. It will
penetrate, never fear. It will rout
that old congestion clear away.

Musterole is a pure, white ointment made from oil of mustard and a few home simples! Musterole searches in under the skin down to the heart of the congestion. There it generates a peculiar congestion-dispersing heat. Yet this heat will not blister. On the contrary you feel a relieving sense of delightful coolness. Rub Musterole over the spot. And you get relief while you use it; for Musterole results usually follow immediately.

On no account fail to have a jar of Musterole handy. For coughs and colds and even the congestions of rheumatism or lumbago Musterole is wonderful.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole. 30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



YOUR Christmas package to the Man in Khaki is not complete without a Havone Cigarette Case—the one case that keeps his cigarettes clean and unbroken, each cigarette standing upright in its own compartment.

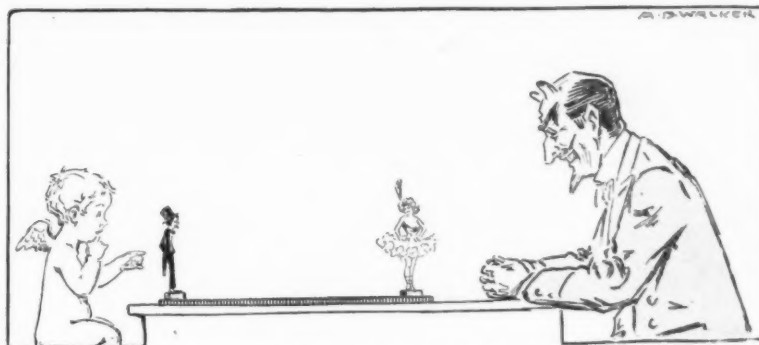
And then there is the man who is doing his bit in business or the professions—just the kind of man to appreciate the grace and efficiency of the Havone Cigarette Case.

You can get him a Havone in heavy silver-plate, solid sterling or 14 K gold. There is a fine choice of silver-plated cases at \$5.

If your dealer hasn't stocked up on the HAVONE, send us \$5 and we will mail you one direct—either plain finished, or with monogram spot, or one of the all-over patterns. At any rate send us your name on a post-card for one of our illustrated catalogues.

HAVONE CORPORATION
21-23 Maiden Lane New York

Look for the Havone
Mark stamped in-
side the case.



"IT'S YOUR MOVE, DAN"

HE: Are you fond of indoor sports?
SHE: Yes, if they know when to go home.—Tiger.

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER must be sadly puzzled at this time of year.

He and other millionaires doubtless feel their Christmas duty, and would willingly perform it, but they don't know just how to go about distributing happiness. If they would all read page 992 of this issue of LIFE they would find a solution of their difficulty.

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

removes all body odors

quickly, safely and surely—and will not harm skin, stain clothes or check normal excretions. Doesn't stifle one odor with another.

Use very little—lasts all day.

25c at drug- and department-stores

"Mum" is a trade-mark registered in U. S. Patent Office

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia



Dainty! Charming!

The user of Carmen Complexion Powder is Queen of the Occasion.

A touch of Carmen gives her a beautiful, refined, striking complexion which makes her distinctive among other women.

CARMEN Complexion POWDER

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream
50c Everywhere

STAFFORD-MILLER CO., St. Louis, Mo.

T-R-E-A-S-O-N

Talking against the draft
Repudiating the war
Execrating the executive
Aiding the foes of America
Slobbering over conscientious objectors
Opposing all Do and GO
Neutralizing patriotic action

Her Side of It

I SUDDENLY found myself slipping away, but had presence of mind enough to roll into my sky-plane and grasp the wheel. So instead of falling in the old way, I soared gracefully down over the new Solar highway until I almost bumped into old Mother Earth. She was seated on her axis, knitting. I had always understood that she was such a cheerful, friendly old soul that I stopped the motor, and raised my hat.

"If you don't mind (*smiling*), I will give myself the pleasure of a little visit while the engine cools off."

"Humph! a meteor," she grunted, eyeing me sharply over her spectacles. "You are fortunate. I have no time to waste on visiting. I am just saving myself—what little there is left of me—for my family to quarrel over. Oh," she continued, biting off her words, "I am a very efficient old person."

"Old! Pshaw, you don't look a year over three thousand," I protested. I had heard that the world loved flattery.

She acknowledged the compliment by shrugging her shoulders.

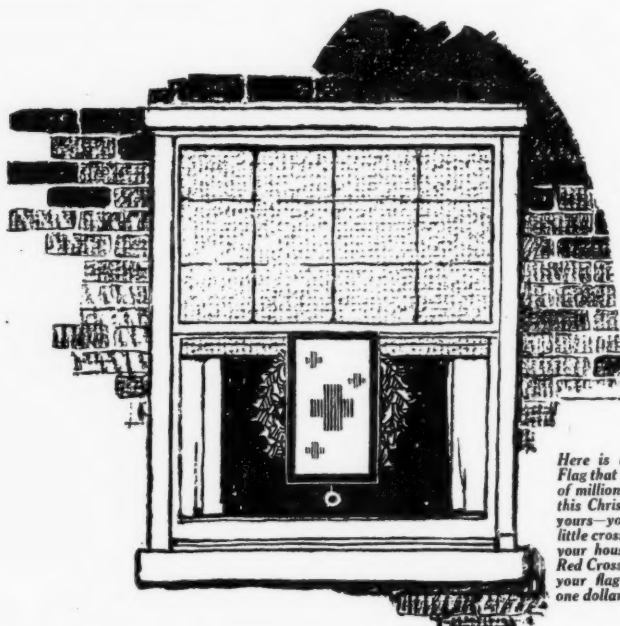
"But you have a large family," I persisted. "Your children must be a great comfort to you."

"Comfort—comfort, did you say? Why, they haven't given me a moment's peace since I sat down here, and that is longer, young man, than you can remember. I don't believe you ever met William. Comfort, fiddlesticks!"

"You do seem to be having a world of trouble," I sympathized. Perhaps you have been too indulgent, or—er—by the way, to what planet were you affianced after your own moon grew cold? That might help to explain why your children seem so—er—er—"

"Mars!" snapped the old Earth, and went on with her knitting.

W. F. R.



Here is a Red Cross Service Flag that will be in the windows of millions of American homes this Christmas. It must be in yours—your service flag with a little cross for every member of your household. The nearest Red Cross chapter will give you your flag—it goes with every one dollar membership.

A Service Flag for every Family to make this a RED CROSS Christmas of Mercy

ON this, our country's first Christmas, in the most terrible of all wars, there should be a Red Cross Service Flag in millions—fifteen millions—of homes at least.

When your membership dollar is sent on its errand of mercy, a work of relief, which is the noblest thing in the world today, is aided.

Your Red Cross does not ask you at this time for large contributions.

It asks you to become part of it. Your Red Cross asks you to be one of ten million more Americans to give one dollar toward world relief.

What is Your American Red Cross?

An all American, largely volunteer organization devoted to practical service to suffering mankind—in times of peace as in times of war.

Congress authorizes it.

President Wilson heads it.

The War Department audits its accounts.

Pershing in France approves it.

It is working for your Army—your Navy—your Allies.

It is working for you

The merest outline of Red Cross work could fill this whole magazine—go to your local Red Cross chapter—have your rightful share of service. The Christmas spirit is the Red Cross spirit. Let a greater Red Cross be America's Christmas gift to our boys and our Allies.

Join the Red Cross now—start your \$1 on its errand of mercy.
Be a member—it is your right

Ten Million New Members by Christmas

The Publishers of Life have donated this space to the American Red Cross in the belief that its readers will heartily respond

PETER J. CAREY, PRINTER



The Car Without Limitations

Seven Passenger
Eight Sedan
\$2700

f. o. b. Toledo—Tax Free
All prices subject to change
without notice

The vast Willys-Overland organization decreed its closed cars should excel mechanically as well as in body attractions.

This vitally important—and significant monetary fact should be weighed in the selection of your closed car.

The Knight motor is the only type of motor that improves with use.

No other type is its peer when brand new, in quiet, flexible, vibrationless operation.

And, as others gradually decline in efficiency, due to carbon or the self-wearing principles of construction, the Willys-Knight improves.

When other types are tied up for repairs or adjustments the Willys-Knight is in service, getting better.

The beauty and provisions of this Sedan body are consistent with the superiority of the chassis that carries it.

It can be entirely closed, partially open, or converted easily into an entirely open car.

If you would possess a closed car that is free from limitations of body or machinery—let your Willys-Overland dealer show you this eight Sedan.

Four Touring . . . \$1525
Four Coupe . . . \$2175
Eight Touring . . . \$2000
Eight Limousine . . . \$2800
Eight Town Car . . . \$2800

Willys-Overland Inc.
Toledo, Ohio

Willys-Knight and Overland Motor
Cars and Light Commercial Cars
Canadian Factory, West Toronto, Can.



"You know
he likes
the best"

Plain and
Cork